

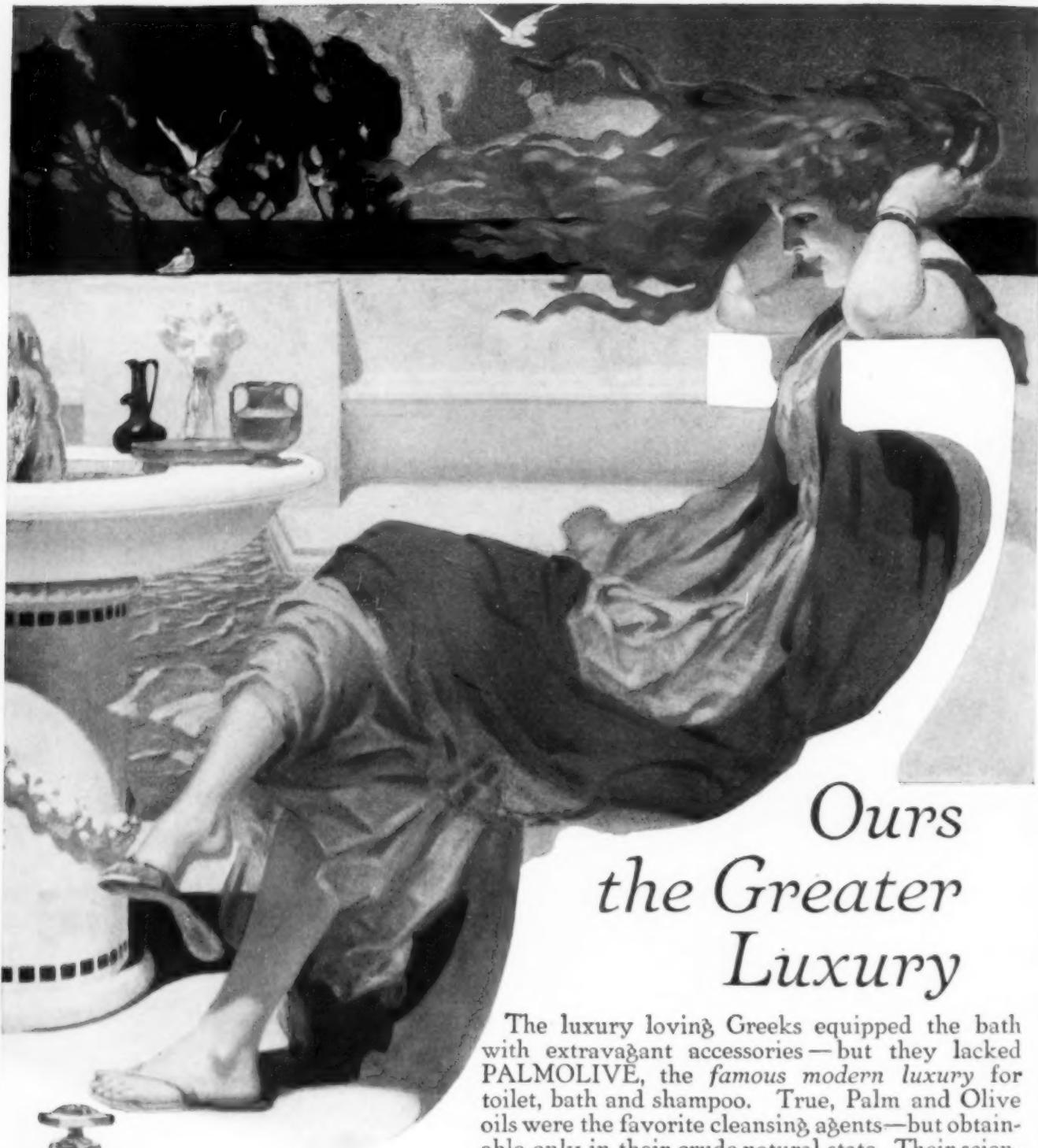
# McCALL'S MAGAZINE



THE  
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1916

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# M<sup>C</sup>CALL'S MAGAZINE

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## INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES" and if a subscription blank is enclosed, your subscription has expired. Please fill out the blank, enclose 50 cents in stamps and mail to us at once, so you will not miss the next number. Always sign your name the same. Do not sign it Mrs. George Brown once and later Mrs. Mary Brown. Write plainly your full name and address, so there can be no mistake. Mention the issue with which you wish your subscription to begin.

If your magazine fails to arrive before the 27th of the month preceding the month of issue, notify us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy. For example, if the July issue has not reached you by June 27th, then notify us.

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The subscription price is 50 cents a year (12 issues), postage free, for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Price for Canada is 75 cents; for foreign countries, \$1.00 a year.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will advise us, giving full particulars.

# OUR FORECAST FOR JULY

IT wasn't a pretty island with its bare rocks, and booming breakers, and almost treeless landscape. It lay off the Pacific Coast, where our battleships could glimpse it on their way to Magdalena Bay for target practise, and no young middy, steeped though he might be in the romance of deserted islands, ever felt the least desire to be wrecked upon its inhospitable shores. Yet Betty, as she leaned and looked from the big ship's side, was not dismayed; and even when the ship's boat took her ashore and the waves buffeted it from side to side of the narrow break in the rocks through which she must make her entrance, she was still undaunted.

### Our New and Exciting Serial

**F**OR Dad was on the Island, busy digging a fortune out of the rocks, and Betty was young, and quite prepared to like life anywhere—with Dad. She could not look ahead and see all the strange and exciting things which were going to happen to her on that little heap of rocks in the midst of the ocean, or she might have gone on a little less bravely. But, then, Betty was quite busily occupied in wondering what Lieutenant Gordon meant that last day before she sailed, and why he was so odd the night of the dance, and who was the girl he was in love with.

### The Little Gold God

**S**HE couldn't help thinking of him occasionally, of course, because there, to remind her, was the mascot he had given her, the little gold god which could stand just as well on its head as its heels. That must have been the reason, because, of course, she wasn't in love with him—not-in-the-least! Betty, you must know, is the delightful heroine of our new and exciting serial, *The Little Gold God*, by Rose Lombard and Augusta L. Philbrick, which begins in the July number; and it is she who tells the story in her own ingenuous manner—with five hundred words' assistance from Lieutenant Gordon.

You will find two interesting pictorial pages in the July McCall's, showing *Society Women at Play*; another instalment of our *Prize Problems* will be printed for your solution—some of them, probably, very much like problems you yourself are facing and painfully doing your best to untangle.

### The Red Badge of Service

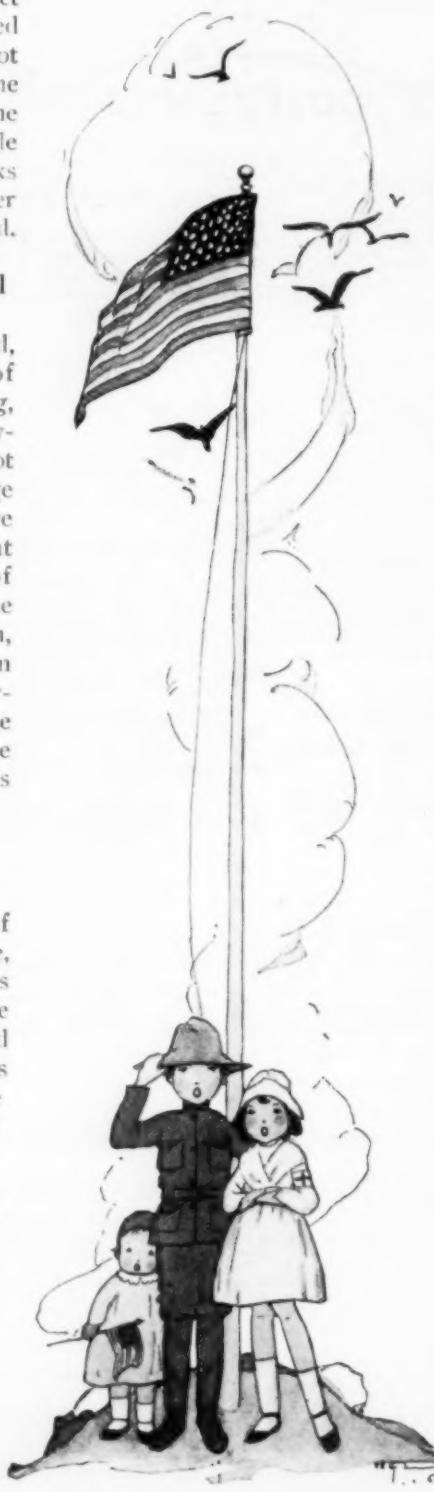
**W**HEN the wreckage of the battlefields filled Continental tents and hospitals, from every walk in life there rose up women who said, "Let me, too, minister to them." Untrained, unprepared, side by side with their sisters of the Red Cross, they learned the reverse lesson of the war—how to save life rather than take it. This is a lesson best learned in time of peace. *Preparedness for Women* tells how you may receive Red Cross instruction—as useful in your home as on the battlefield.

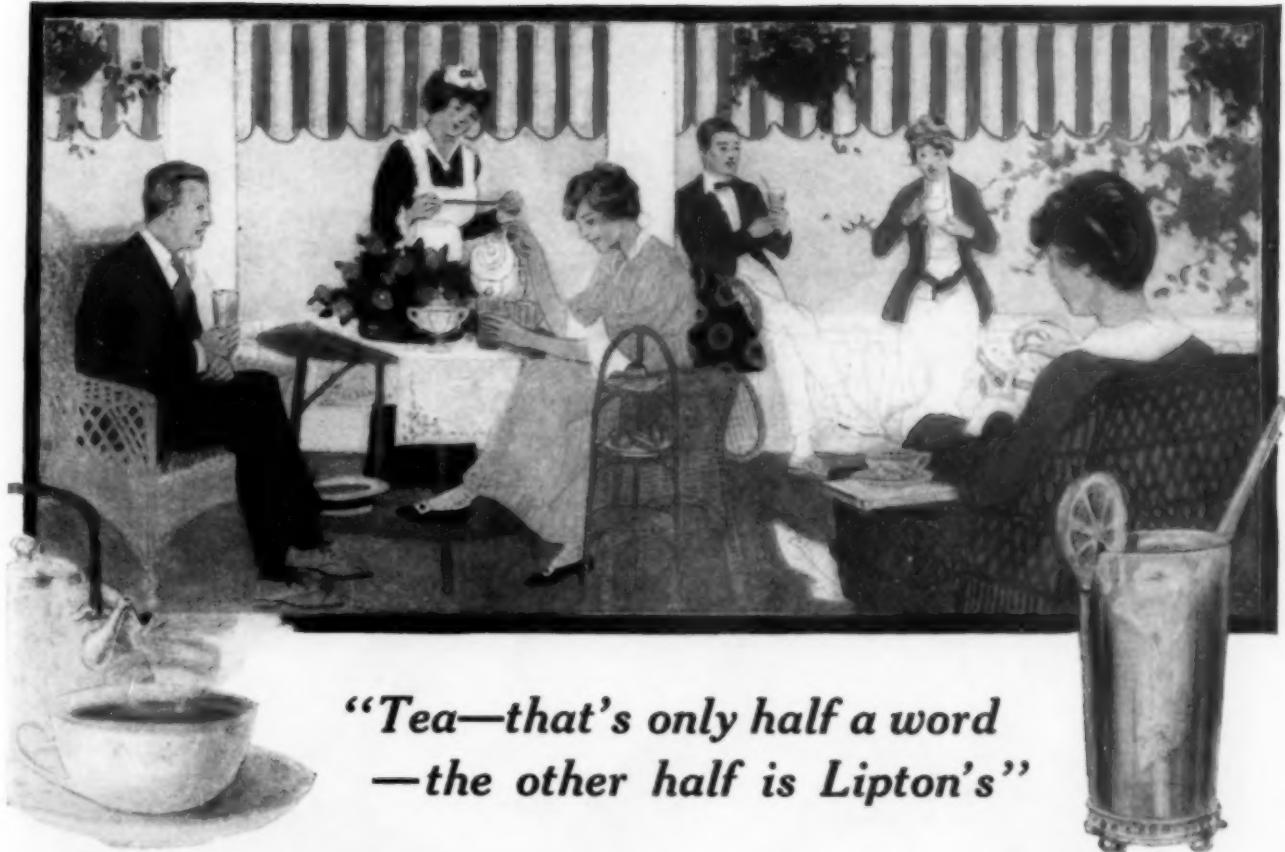
### Two Heroines Go Adventuring

**I**T started with a footprint starting up from the moist morning earth. Betts discovered it, wondered, followed where it pointed, and behold! *The Wishing Lake*, by Myra G. Reed, where a Career and a Canny Youth come to combat. You will love its breeziness and charm. *Cinderella 1916*, by Mariel Brady (remember the Billy stories?) introduces a modern young woman who, discontented with her fourth-floor back, decides to be somebody else and seek an adventure.

### Hoops and Pettis

**F**ROM the Farthingale, Fashion has made a quick transition to the full-length petticoat hooped at hip and midway of the skirt. As a result, *Longer Skirts* are making their appearance, while smart short frocks are eked out by *Quaint Pettis* or foundation skirts of organdy or lace which hang below the gown hem. *A High-set Sleeve with Shoulder Frill* is another distinctly novel feature.





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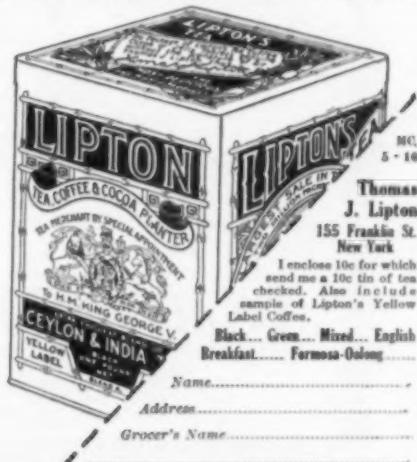
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*Speaking of his delight in his wife's housekeeping, Robert Louis Stevenson said:  
"My joy is to see her hanging clothes on the line in a high wind".*

**T**HREE is something almost jolly in a swinging line of snow-white clothes dancing in the sun. Their very appearance is such good compensation for the work of washing that every woman should be interested in whatever will help make them whiter and clearer than ever.

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June

## McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1916

**N**O life is without a problem, minor or major, trivial or great. And perhaps the best test of our character is the manner, the courage, perhaps, with which we meet the difficulties which face us.

The biggest and most difficult problems are those which involve our personal relations. Living with people gracefully, whether it be one's husband, one's daughter, one's mother-in-law, one's friend, is a fine and difficult art. All of us need freedom to be ourselves, time to be quiet and alone for our soul's good, opportunity to follow out the interests and inclinations which would mean our self-development and enrichment.

Yet family life—group life—may lovingly but mercilessly wrest from us every claim to individuality. All about us are daughters, sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, wives, dependent relatives, old friends who have lived together for years, who are chafing—openly or in secret—over their involuntary surrender of individual liberty.

How, then, may the ties of companionship be preserved, yet the individual find herself unhampered in self-expression or development?

This is the problem of the great majority of the letters received in our Human Problem Contest: How may I do my duty as a member of a family, how cling to those I love, or do my part toward keeping a home together, and at the same time get from life the things which I, an individual, crave?

**F**OR each person, there must be—there is—a just and sane compromise between selfishness and sacrifice. No life is worth while which casts aside its responsibilities, its membership in "the group," but no life has fulfilled its full promise unless it has walked a little in its own chosen paths.

In this month's McCall's (pages 20, 21, 88, 90) we submit for your solution four of the prize-winning problems that have come in from our readers and which crystallize around this familiar situation.

JUST BETWEEN  
OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

What would you do in each case?

We offer a prize of \$15 for the best solution that comes in for any one of the problems and \$5 each for all of the other solutions that we deem accept-

able for publication. In line with this, we may accept three or four solutions for each problem. Any one person can submit a solution for each one of the problems if she desires—and we hope she may so desire. The "best," in this instance, does not mean necessarily the one written in the purest English, but rather the one which gives the most workable, the most comprehensive solution. There is no limit to the number of words. Write as few, or as many, as you wish; just be sure to give full details.

**F**OR the next three months, we shall print, in each issue, other of the prize-winning Human Problems, and the offer of prizes for solutions holds good throughout the entire series—\$5 for every solution accepted by us for publication, and an additional \$10 for the best solution in each month's awards. You, who stand off at a distance from the problems, for whom they could have no emotional complexities, should be able to see the way out much more clearly than the persons of whose lives they are a part.

Solutions for the Problems in this, the June McCall's, should be addressed to "The Human Problem Editor for June," and should reach us by June 20th. Prizes will be awarded within thirty days thereafter. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to McCall's in order to take part in this contest.

The prizes for the Problems themselves have all been awarded—one for \$25, one for \$15, one for \$10 and twenty for \$5 each—and checks have been sent to the lucky winners. We had expected to announce their names in this issue, but the problems were so personal that it was impossible to do so without disclosing to families, friends, townspeople, the identity of the contributors. Pursuing, therefore, our promise to guard each confidence sacredly, we feel ourselves obliged to withhold the names of the winners.



## OUT OF THE STORM

By LILIAN DUCEY

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

**T**HEY certainly were not in love. Of that they were positive. Sometimes when she called him up on the 'phone to say that she was at a friend's house—would he call for her at ten o'clock?—he complied with her request as reluctantly as when, at the surly age of fourteen, he obeyed his mother's behest to "Run over and amuse Marjorie; she has been cross all day."

From the time Marjorie came into the world, this duty of amusing her had been as much a part of his daily work as the many tasks which naturally fall to the lot of the only boy and man about. Easy enough it had been to amuse her when all the diversion required had been the making of funny noises or shaking a rattle. But, as the years went on, more complex methods of entertainment had to be devised; and his slavery grew apace. For instance, when she was two years old, she could not bear to see him otherwise than walking on his hands; the nuisance she made of herself at the age of five, before she had learned to read, he could still remember—also, whole paragraphs of her favorite stories; and as for the dignity that a budding mustache en-

genders, that had suffered Procrustean tortures from her exacting ways.

Captivating though she was, dainty and dimpled, her roguish tyranny had made him seethe and fume inwardly. The two families lived in a lonely section of Burley, isolated quite from the rest of the town, so the little despot rarely had another willing slave come her way. It also made it necessary for her to have an escort in the evening; and from the night of her first child party the duty had devolved on him. And now, when no other knight offered his services, Saunders was still expected to play the part of an elder brother. But, between twenty and thirty-four there is less disparity of age than between ten and twenty-four, so that now the duty was frequently a pleasure. When, however, as often happened, he was deep in a book on architecture, or tracing some wonderful new plans for a wealthy client, her demands irritated him beyond endurance. For Marjorie, his busiest hours had to be sacrificed.

"It's a lucky job you never found the habit of invading my office when you come to the city," he said to her, one

night, after a telephone call that forced him to rush into town and bring her home. Between amusement and displeasure came the remark.

"The 'lucky job,'" she laughed in high good humor, "is—when I do this, you get a breath of air and exercise."

"Why didn't Rex Mathews bring you home?" He kicked a branch out of their path with a vigor that looked vindictive. (She had been with Rose Mathews all afternoon and evening.)

"Because he wasn't at home, Mr. Grouch." She tripped lightly at his side. "Had he been, I am quite certain he would have been delighted to—also to assist me tenderly over the rough places in the road."

Saunders said nothing to this. Briskly they covered the ground. He was anxious to get back to the work left undone. He was not exactly angry, but the silence continued so long that, with a little laugh and an arch thrusting forward of her head, Marjorie searched his inscrutable face.

"All right for you—being mad at Marjorie," she gurgled. It was a childhood trick that never failed in appeasing him. And, even now, a half smile lit up his face.

"Oh, I'm not so angry," he conceded, although impatience still marked his speech. "I was busy—but that's all right. Anyway, now that I come to think of it, Rex takes you home too often of late. And I'd rather you did not see quite so much of him."

"I like him," she announced decidedly, "except—" and now her eyes rippled with memory—"when he is sentimental."

She saw the man at her side give a little start. His piercing glance called forth a delicious laugh of amusement.

"And why shouldn't he be sentimental?" she answered, as if challenged. "Why shouldn't he—on a moonlight night, or in other suitable environment, you old architect? Don't you suppose a girl likes a little sentiment once in a while—to be told she's the prettiest ever—to have some one hang upon her every utterance as if her nonsense mattered more than another's pearls of wisdom?"

**S**AUNDERS made no immediate reply. Instead, he grasped her arm with a firm hand.

"So he makes love to you—does he?" When he spoke, he clipped his words.

With mock-anxious concern, Marjorie glanced at him over her shoulder. "Didn't you ever make love to a girl, Mr. Grouch?" she asked with audacious impulse. She was thinking of what Rose Mathews had said that evening—that the only kind of a man she could ever care for would be a serious, ambitious one—like Roger Saunders, for instance. Somehow, Marjorie had never connected Roger with any girl in her thoughts before. But now she remembered how Rose always singled him out when they met in company, and how she always insisted upon Marjorie bringing him to her home.

"Well," she insisted, when he made her no reply, "didn't you ever make love to a girl?"

As in her baby days, there was something wonderfully bewitching about Marjorie's exacting moods. Roger Saunders' scowling brows relaxed. He gave a sigh that said as plainly as words: "Thank goodness, it isn't serious with her and Rex."

"I'll keep my eye on you—and him, young lady," he averred with threatening decision.

"Pouf!" Her nostrils widened with delicate scorn, and malice etched her face. "Your espionage won't bother us. Some new angle for a pergola or something is sure to absorb you," she retorted. "Anyway," she laughed, "you're as good as nobody, lately. You haven't taken me to the theater in a month. Every time there

is a dance or a party, you fume and fuss because you have to go with me, as if you were an old grandfather. I'm going to develop a grouch, too. I'm mad-at-you, Roger Saunders. And I'm very, very glad Rex is so kind and considerate and attentive—and appreciative."

A smile twitched Saunders' mouth. He tried to keep it from spreading by biting his lip. Failing, he laughed heartily.

"Come to think of it, I have been preoccupied lately," he acknowledged. "But I don't like the idea of you and Rex Mathews growing too friendly. Now, suppose I were to devote myself to you for a while—would you drop him?"

Elfish mischief glistened in her eyes as they searched his. "Such an idle question!" she parried.

"Would you?" he persisted.

"Would you," she returned, "give your valuable time to such profitless endeavor?"

**W**ELL, I'll not have Rex Mathews making love to you, no matter what it costs me." He was still laughing, although earnestness lay beneath his bantering.

Marjorie gave him an arch look from rippling eyes. Oddly at variance, it was, with her demure voice when she spoke.

"Roger, please let me know whom you do approve. You didn't like Stanley; John Potts you hadn't a minute for; and every time Ted Henderson came to see me, you growled for a week. You're worse than Mother and Father. Tell me whom you do want me to associate with—that is, what men—and I promise to adhere strictly to the list."

"H-m! Well—as a matter of fact—" His pause was eloquent. He lifted conscious fingers to his mustache and twirled its end. On his embarrassed hesitancy, Marjorie's rippling laugh came with such tantalizing comprehension that he stood still and gazed at her.

"You see!" she pronounced, lucidly indefinite.

For a minute, they looked squarely at each other. Then Roger said, with what he considered profound insight and wisdom:

"A man has a queer feeling about the women of his immediate family—and, certainly, you couldn't be nearer to me if you were my sister, I've had so much trouble bringing you up. Even when he knows all her faults, still he endows her with all his unworldly possessions, including ideals. No man is quite good enough for her. And that's the way I feel about you, Marjorie."

"Humph!" was all Marjorie said—an eloquent monosyllable. They had come to her door. Across the seventy feet that separated the two houses, they could see Roger's mother moving about the living-room, the light from which spilled a yellow radiance on the glistening moonshine that mantled the world. Seriousness lay upon them for a moment until Marjorie's ready laugh dispelled it.

"What is the program for to-morrow evening?" Her eyes twinkled with enjoyment.

"Eh?" Roger returned from his abstraction with an effort. "What did you say?"

"I—said—" she spaced each word, "what are you going to do to amuse me to-morrow evening? Rex was coming, and we intended walking over to Hallowell to see the Home Week illuminations. But I could telephone him if—"

"If?" Roger laughed in spite of himself. Then he sighed with burlesque resignation. "Very well, young lady. Since you must go, I'll be the one to take you."

She seemed to consider for a moment. "I'll tell you what we could do"—very sweetly came her suggestion—"let Rex come with us, and Rose, too."



THEY CERTAINLY WERE NOT IN LOVE. OF THAT THEY WERE POSITIVE

"I should say not!" The answer was prompt and rendered with decision. "I'm not a willing cicerone to girls."

They both laughed heartily. Then with a careless, "'Night, Marjorie," "'Night, Roger," they parted.

There was something of the witch maid about Marjorie, a whimsical vein of humor that matched her twinkling eyes and the dimple that came and went so alluringly. And Roger Saunders, who knew her well, shrugged his shoulders as he mounted the steps to his home, and thought humorously to himself: "I'm in for it now, all right!" Afterwards, he scowled a little as his mind reverted to Rex Mathews. But the following night, true to his promise, they went to Hallowell. And he succeeded so well in amusing Marjorie that he was amused himself.

"It was a pleasant evening!" She laughed up into his face as they stopped for a moment before separating. "Now, what shall we do to-morrow?"

Saunders shook his head deprecatingly. "To-morrow? Must I?"

"Oh, not unless you like—" She laughed teasingly. "Only I promised to let Rex know—the first evening I was to be at home, alone."

"Well, then"—he sighed helplessly—"suppose we go to the theater."

They went. Returning, they planned for the next night. Or rather, Marjorie did. And so it went on, to Roger's chagrin and her delight.

Yet he did not have a bad time. In fact he enjoyed himself immensely. It would have been hard not to have a nice time, with Marjorie for a companion. But when Sunday came, he welcomed the day. Secure in the thought that this day, at least, would be his, he got out some designs upon which he was working. But just as he seated himself, his eye alighted on Rex Mathews walking up the path to the house next door.

He laughed aloud as the humor of it swept him. But when, from the supper-table, hours later, he could see the visitor still across the way and having supper with the Westons, impatience overtook the humor. Obviously, Mathews' intentions were to remain for the evening, also.

**I**N spite of his irritation, there was a twinkle in Saunders' eye, as a short time after they came out on the porch, he joined them. With the utmost nonchalance, he seated himself on the upper step. And then, if one had judged him casually, the thought would have suggested itself that his whole aim was to furnish entertainment for the two seated above him. That Marjorie was aware of his stratagem, and was humorously appreciative, every time he caught her eye, he knew. And he talked on.

Ten o'clock came. As Mathews made no move to leave, neither did Saunders. Half an hour later, Marjorie began to stifle her yawns. Eleven o'clock floated to them, tolling through the night from the town beyond. Saunders, in the midst of a funny story, paused until the church bell stopped. Then he finished it abruptly.

"Marjorie, don't let us keep you up. We can go over on my porch," he said hastily. But, even as he spoke, Mathews stood up.

"I'm going." Irritation, tinged with disdain, pervaded his voice. "Don't forget about Thursday, Marjorie." The next moment he was stalking away.

As the two watched him, silence fell for a moment. Saunders left it to Marjorie to take the initiative of breaking it—and he waited with anticipation. He felt subtly that she was having a difficult time stifling her mirth. When her gurgling, subdued laugh finally came to him, he turned and joined her, settling himself in the hammock nearby.

"I wonder what he is calling you. I just wonder! Roger, how could you have the audacity to do such a thing?"

Saunders only hunched himself more comfortably. He put out a long arm and pressed her fingers with a friendly grip. "Guess we'll take in a show, Thursday," he laughed. "You can meet me in New York, and we'll go to dinner first."

But instead of agreeing, Marjorie's chin went up mutinously. And a wilful, radiant mirth lit her face.

"I like Rex," she announced emphatically. "He is always very kind, very pleasant, and very dear to me. As a matter of fact, I had only half promised to go Thursday, but now I must—if only to make up to him for to-night."

She rose, and their fingers slipped apart.

"Go home," she went on. "You're worse than an old mother hen, Roger Saunders."

**W**HAT show shall we see?" he queried, unperturbed. "*The Lavender Ladies?*"

"Why, yes, if you like." She moved toward the door. "But Friday—not Thursday."

"Thursday!" he insisted.

"Thursday—" she gave him a long, teasing look of laughing decision—"a party of us are going to Gull Island in Rex's motor-boat. There will be a moon, and we shall take lunch with us."

A moment of intense silence followed her laugh. Saunders broke it, speaking heavily.

"If you won't go Thursday, you don't go Friday." He sat up. Marjorie saw the iron-like mask that etched itself on his face. It was a look she knew. At the most unexpected moments, she had encountered it in her life. And the memory of it clung in her mind through many years. As far back as when she was a little thing of five or six, perhaps, she could recall it. That time stood out clearly against all her childhood experiences: she had gone into the woods for nuts after Sunday-school, instead of coming home; he had found her after a long search, and dragged her home by main force when she refused to leave her little companions.

So, for a moment, her heart stamped with fear. There was really no reason to be alarmed, but she always feared him a little at those times. And she knew he would not argue. Tease him as she dared, cajole him into anything, tyrannise over him like the veriest despot, yet there was that in his nature, when aroused, that was like a stone wall against which her own determination could only batter itself.

So she paused irresolute in the doorway and looked at his broad, uncompromising back. What should she do? She

[Continued on page 72]

## IN JUNE

By JOSEPHINE McCOY

As one by one, from out the nest  
Your tender nestlings spread their wings,—  
Ah me, it seems but yesterday  
They were such little things!

Now, lightly poised upon the brink,  
They flutter, confident and fair;  
And lightly they would give you thanks  
For all your love and care.

Smile on them as you send them forth,  
Brave hearts, into the beckoning blue!  
For many times, through wind and storm,  
They will fly back to you.

Back they will beat with hungering hearts  
For sheltering wings, familiar scenes:  
For, when we guard the nest ourselves  
We know what loving means!

# IN BUTTERFLY LANE

By MAUD PALMER HART

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

**I**T was an enchanted day! Eve did not discover that immediately. To-day is but a continuation of yesterday till one looks out of doors. Only then does it acquire an entity, develop a personality, thrust its distinctive possibilities upon one. She opened her eyes to the comfortable dimness of her charming room. That gave no hint of the glory without. The chiffon dress which she had worn the night before was flung across a chair, the satin slippers in which she had danced stood where she had stepped out of them, a withered bouquet and a pair of soiled white gloves littered the dressing-table. Her idle gaze encountered them, and her languid thoughts turned backward. Then the confused impression of distress with which she had awakened changed to sharp remembrance. She pressed her slender fingers into her closed eyes and lay silent for a moment. But the enchanted day was not to be cheated forever. Presently, she sat up, shook back the riotous waves of dull gold hair, and tied the slack ribbons of a silken night-robe which was the same tint as her flushed cheek. And when she slid from her bed, pushed back the draperies at the window, and leaned out into the wonder of that June morning, the magic of it swept her.

Sunshine poured down in a warm, intoxicating, golden flood. Song poured forth from a hundred vibrating bird throats. The rare, radiant green of early summer quivered on the foliage. The peonies were luscious in color and scent. A robin hopped along the well cropped lawn, not forgetting, even in his eagerness for worms, the dignity which his pompous curves engendered. But the butterflies! They dipped and darted, skimmed and drifted through the heady air. And it was the butterflies which brought to Eve her exultant consolation.

He had called her a butterfly. Was it, after all, so very dreadful? They were beautiful things and having a beautiful time. She had been rather beautiful herself. The chiffon was a shade of blush pink which she very much affected. And she had had a beautiful time. That was what Johnnie had objected to. It had been Mr. Neal Herendon, chiefly. Mr. Neal Herendon had more years than Johnnie and considerably less hair. His cynicism was not untouched by melancholy, which made it doubly attractive; and he made Eve feel that she was a flower in the desert of his life. Eve

found it agreeable to be a flower in a desert. Johnnie, who was famed for his exuberance, only added her to his youth and wealth and popularity as the crowning touch to his bouquet. So she had been kind to Mr. Neal Herendon, and Johnnie had called her a butterfly; and after that so much had happened.

They had begun it in the machine, coming home, but it had been a soft spring night, no night to quarrel. They had continued it under the night lamp in the hall, with voices carefully lowered because of the sleeping household. Eve herself had

ended it, holding his diamond ginglymer between two fingers as she gave it back to him, marching up the stairs, ridiculously babyish in her swathings of white velvet and swansdown, and sinking down in tears when she heard the front door bang behind him.

SO she was a butterfly! But butterflies were not hampered by social obligations. If she was a butterfly, she should be free to wander through the sun-warmed flower-scented air; and she was chained to a morocco-bound engagement-book. "A. M." read its stern dictates for this heavenly day in June, "Committee meeting of the Suffrage League at Mrs. Harrington Smith's. Lunch with Nan in town and a fitting at Madame Laurette's. P. M. Bridge Benefit for the Belgian Relief Fund. Meet Johnnie for tea." (That would be crossed out, of course.) "Dinner and dance at the Motor Club." Butterfly, indeed!

"Since he calls me a butterfly, I might just as well be one," remarked Eve in a slightly aggrieved tone. She was still hanging from the window, the sun gleaming on her billows of bright hair, her nose sniffing up the scents of the morning, her eyes following the airy oscillations of the butterflies. "I might just as well—I believe that I will." Her thoughts sped on. To leave all her stupid plans behind her—to follow the lure of the spring out into the country—to frighten Johnnie! And there is an undeniable charm in running away.

So she sat down at her desk, her bare feet tucked under her and her vivid hair falling around her like a veil, and scribbled a note to Nan. Nan was the married sister with whom she lived, a very young and pretty married sister, much in love with her husband, and Johnnie's strongest ally.

"Johnnie and I have had a terrible quarrel," confided the diplomatic Eve. "I am just heart-broken. Last night I did





"IS THIS THE WEDDING  
BREAKFAST?" HE IN-  
QUIRED SOCIABLY

MARY FISKE STYLLANE

not sleep one wink. I'm going away by myself to-day. I couldn't stand it to see anybody. You'll fix it up with Mrs. H. S., etc., won't you, my nice Nannie? I'll go out in the country, I think. But don't you dare tell Johnnie!"

"Thank goodness," observed Eve, rereading this with evident approval, "Nan dares anything."

The clock on her desk said half past six. Nan never stirred till nine. Eve slipped into a mandarin coat, pattered across the cool dusk of the hall, and shoved the tiny missive under her sister's door.

IT was just seven when she ran into the kitchen. Her hands were dug deep into the pockets of a jaunty pink silk sweater. For the rest, she was crisply white to the tip of her canvas pumps. Colored Liza, a relic of a winter Nan had once spent in the South and the good genius of the kitchen, welcomed her with surprise and delight, and Eve drank her coffee and ate her egg in front of the vine-wreathed kitchen door.

"That was delicious chicken we had last night for dinner, Liza," offered Eve in a honeyed tone.

"Ah thanks you, Miss Eve," returned Liza without suspicion.

"There wasn't any left, was there?" queried Eve with an innocent expression.

"Sho' was, Miss Eve," the guileless Liza assured her.

"And I know there's one of your chocolate cakes somewhere about," pursued Eve thoughtfully.

"Yo' don' wan' choclut cake fo' brekfas', Miss Eve?" demanded Liza, puzzled.

"Not for breakfast," explained Eve in a wheedling voice. "Not for breakfast, Liza, but in a little wicker basket with a fringed white napkin over the top. Kind of a picnic."

Liza's broad black face beamed understanding.

"Fo' one, Miss Eve?"

"Y-yes," replied Eve doubtfully, "For one, of course. But—in case it should have to do for two—you might—"

"Sho' will, Miss Eve," grinned Liza, her white teeth flashing.

Thus it was that when Eve ran through the cheerful glare of the garden to the soft gloom of the orchard and down a road which wound through whispering trees out to the open country, she bore upon her arm a little wicker basket with a fringed white napkin over the top. It was just such an inviting basket as Little Red Riding Hood had carried upon her fateful journey. Eve fell to thinking of Little Red Riding Hood and of the book with pasteboard covers from which she had been wont to read the story, and of troublesome curls and fat bare knees, always covered with scratches, and other accessories of those little-girl days. She felt as if the little-girl days had returned to her, as she skipped along the sun-flecked road and sang with the blithe birds and jumped to pull every brightly colored weed that caught her fancy. She was very happy—only—she wanted Johnnie.

She always wanted Johnnie. It was curious. Even now, the half acknowledged wish for him fell like a wistful shadow across her glad morning. A very presentable, very agreeable, very ordinary youth was Johnnie to the general public. Rest when she was tired, comfort when



she was blue, responsive when she was happy, and understanding at all times, was Johnnie to Eve. It is of such stuff that love affairs are made. Johnnie had a zest for adventure, a great knack with a campfire, a booming laugh that Eve adored. Many an exploration had they achieved together, many a smoky meal had they cooked, many a joyous memory stored away. These swept

Eve now with a wave of lonesomeness. It was very queer and miserable to go hunting an adventure all alone. But he would find her, he would find her. This thought circled in her head like a butterfly. "He will find me, he will find me," she found herself singing over and over like a refrain.

Nan and Eve lived that ever active, extremely smart, and truly American form of life known as suburban; and Nan's home, a thing of airy rooms, sunny verandas, smooth lawns, and glorious gardens, stood on the outskirts of the city. Therefore, although an excellent system of electric cars connected them with the gayest restaurants, the most brilliant theaters, the most extravagant shops in the world, the winding road through the whispering trees brought them in less than five minutes to daisies, cows, and babbling brooks. Eve knew that Nan would tell Johnnie she had "gone out in the country;" Eve knew that Johnnie was familiar with every hill and dale. Eve knew that he would want to put the diamond back. She knew—just because she was Eve. Thus the burden of her song, thus the lunch which could be made to do for two, thus the whole bewildering pink-and-white effect.

**Y**OU called me a butterfly, so I thought I'd be a butterfly," said Eve, with a toss of her head to an imaginary Johnnie.

"No, I'm not an angel," she protested a moment later, giving the contrite phantom a most angelic look.

"And you're not a brute. You're my own dear," she finished, and the apparition must have gathered her into its arms, for she stopped quite still, and the rose deepened in her cheeks.

But "the best laid plans—"

She came out into a wide and sunny meadow. The sky was an arch of blue, the grass was starred with flowers, the air was warm and spicy and filled with the buzzing of insects. Eve flung herself on the ground like Lenbach's "Shepherd Boy" and lay quite still. The crooning of the bees, the narcotic fragrance of the growing things, the infinitude of the blue above her, almost put her to sleep. She closed her eyes and remembered a snatch of Debussy, "The

*Afternoon of a Fawn.*" When she opened her eyes again, there was a butterfly posing on her sleeve.

"*Moi, aussi,*" she told it, drowsy but sociable.

She sat up, stretching her arms above her head. The startled butterfly took flight. She watched it with dreamy blue eyes. It recalled her to her purpose. It flitted over the flower-spangled field. Far away, a little lane, overhung with trees, led off to the beyond. The butterfly darted into its cool shadow.

"When a butterfly, do as the butterflies do," cried Eve, and she jumped up and ran after it.

**I**T was a fascinating little lane. The leaves were like green lace above it, the sunlight like gold lace upon the grass. The butterfly had disappeared, and Eve dropped on the turf, quite exhausted by the chase.

"Butterfly Lane! I'll name it Butterfly Lane!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"Charming! A charming fancy! But fancies are frail things, Miss Eve," responded a weary voice.

Eve raised herself on her two hands. It was Mr. Neal Herendon. Whether in pursuit of melancholy reflections or a less romantic "appetizer," I am not prepared to say, but there he was with his hat in one hand and his stick in the other, and the morning light bringing into full relief the hard lines about his mouth and the puffiness of his eyes.

"I see nothing charming about it," retorted Eve, considerably annoyed at the sight of him.

"Now, that is modest of you," returned Mr. Herendon indulgently.

"I adore to name things, and so does Johnnie," continued Eve, regarding him aggressively.

"I envy you the charming imaginativeness of youth," sighed Mr. Herendon.

"And, anyhow, fancies are the strongest things in the world," was her final and rather comprehensive contradiction.

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning' to me?" asked Mr. Herendon, looking down at her moodily.

"Good morning," said Eve.

"And aren't you going to let me share it with you?" he persisted.

"The whole world is sharing it with me, I suppose," she shrugged.

"It is my good fortune that I am near you," agreed Mr. Neal Herendon and brought himself nearer still by sitting down beside her, not without a certain shortness of breath and cautiousness of movement.

Like the immortal Ko-Ko, Eve might well have sung, "Here's a how d'y'do." There they were, ensconced under a tree with the basket between them, and Johnnie, she was certain, rapidly approaching. Johnnie's heart would be torn at the news that she had not slept "one wink." He would seek her out with penitence and self-abasement. But when he came upon this pretty tête-à-tête! With the miserable business of the night before—the treacherous construction which might be put upon her note to Nan—the basket as circumstantial evidence of the fact that a meeting had been

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PACKAGES RETURNED IN ONE WEEK

# THE LITTLE A FEATURE OF ONE

By REINETTE LOVELL



A FULL HOUSE, AND AN INTERESTED ONE, IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

**Y**OU see, Minna's going to start for Chicago, Monday, and I'm having a lot of extra work sewing for her."

The voice at the telephone shook a little and tears misted the eyes of the woman who talked. While she listened to the consoling words of her friend, miles away, sudden rebellion surged within her.

"Of course, she wants to go," she broke out finally, sparks in her eyes, a defiant note in the tone that had quavered a moment before. "And why shouldn't she? There isn't anything here for her but work, nothing going on evenings, no chance to get acquainted with boys and girls her own age. It comes awful hard to let her go, but I don't blame her a bit. I wish I could get away from the farm myself!"

When Minna had gone her eager way to stand behind a counter of a great department-store, a letter from a cousin came to the mother who had cried out against the dull monotony of living in the country. It was from another county in North Dakota, and told of an entertainment given the night before in the school-house, in which Minna's young cousins and their father had all "taken part."

We sent to the Agricultural College for a play to act [the letter said], and it was the funniest thing I ever saw. I laughed till my back ached. The children did fine. I certainly wish you could have been here to see them. Everybody turned out and seemed to enjoy it. Afterwards, there were sandwiches and coffee and cake.

Minna's mother read the letter over twice, and looked long and hard at the words, "sent to the Agricultural College for a play." What did it mean? If the folks in her part of the country wanted to do something like that, would the College help them with a program?

She looked through the window and saw John and Elsa coming home from school. How long would it be before they, too, would want to go where they could find amusement in the evenings? With motherly pride, her eyes lingered on Elsa's golden curls and blue eyes. How pretty she would look, dressed in white, reciting a poem at some such gathering!

Her gaze went resolutely to the shelf over the sink where there were a bottle of ink and a pen. Then and there, she determined that before she went to bed a letter should be written, asking if she could get help in having some entertainments in their town before the young folks all rushed away to a city. If a place of assembly could not be found, she would invite the company to come right into her own house.

Although Minna's mother did not know it, more than once it had happened that the use of school-houses and town-halls could not be had, so that requests had come in to the State Agricultural College at Fargo, North Dakota, for "some kind of a play or dialogue we could act in a parlor."

There is a man in Fargo, Alfred G. Arvold, who earnestly believes that the reason why life in the rural sections of his state becomes unendurable to young folks—and to tired-out fathers and mothers, too,—is because they have no chance for self-expression, nothing to stimulate them socially and mentally.

**W**HAT'S the use of teaching soil values to our students?" he questioned. "Sooner or later, they are bound to face the temptation to abandon the soil, simply and solely because of the stupid monotony of the life they will have to endure. It seems to me, along with agricultural education, they ought to be taught how to arrange for rousing good times, how to overcome the obstacles of getting together which exist in isolated sections."

The faculty of the State Agricultural College agreed with him, and Mr. Arvold became the founder of The Little Country Theater, a diminutive playhouse, modeled along real Broadway lines, which is as much a part of the college as its laboratories. Here are produced plays, staged, directed, and acted by the students, but plays which are in every way suited to be "put on" in village-halls, school-houses, the basement of a country church, or in a home sitting-room, just as Minna's mother desperately planned.

At the college, a dingy old chapel was remodeled into an auditorium which would seat about two hundred persons, or a size approximating that of the average North Dakota town-hall. A stage, thirty feet wide and extending backward twenty feet, was built, comfortable chair seats arranged, and a lovely green velour curtain adjusted to go up and down. Draperies, the same shade, were hung at the windows. The simple scenery has real doors for entrances and windows with glass in them. Yet all this, Mr. Arvold declares, can be done in any town-hall, or even in a school-house. And when the students at the college, who have become used to seeing the plays and acting in them, and arranging properties for them out of seeming impossibilities, go back to their own country homes, many of them as school-teachers,



THE SOCIALE COFFEE TOWER

# COUNTRY THEATER

## COLLEGE CURRICULUM

Photographs taken at North Dakota State Agricultural College



PLAYING "SAM AVERAGE" TO HONOR THE VISITING AUTHOR, PERCY MAC KAYE

invariably the first thing they do is to get the community started on a play.

There was a tower on the building, one of those roomy, round places which make delightful alcoves. This was christened "The Coffee Tower," and cake and coffee were served after performances with much sociability and the advice that similar refreshments ought to be a feature of way-out-on-the-prairie jamborees.

When the letter from Minna's mother was written and sent, back came a reply in the form of a "Package Library"—a bulky, mysterious-looking parcel, that was opened with much curiosity at the Olson home.

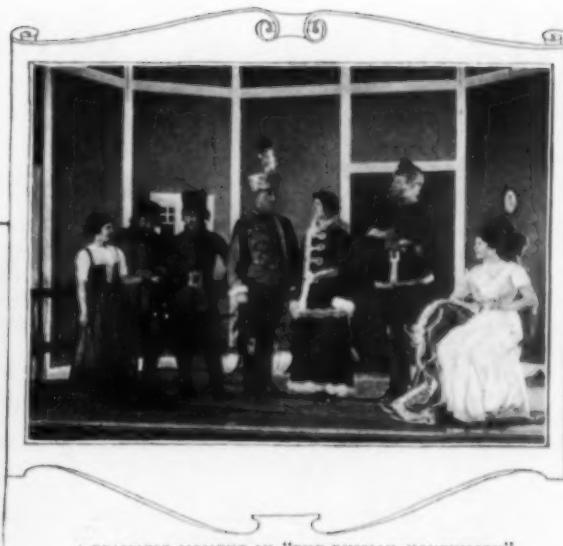
It contained a one-act play with bright dialogue for nine characters, instructions about staging and costumes, two or three humorous recitations, and word that information upon any subject would be supplied if anybody wanted to write a "paper" for discussion.

"They only just lend them," John informed as he read the letter which came with the package. "We have to send the whole business back in two weeks."

"That's a good idea," explained Elsa importantly. "There's other folks besides us in North Dakota, John."

The "sending back" of the Package Library is part of the entertainment system which Mr. Arvold has so successfully worked out. Getting the embryo of his idea from the system established by the University of Wisconsin of sending out information in the form of bulletins, reprints of speeches, and clippings, upon the request of the rural residents of the state, Mr. Arvold started at Fargo a collection of packages which should contain not only reference matter about agricultural and civic-improvement subjects, but amateur plays, readings, dialogues, orations, addresses, debate outlines. After a while, he added catalogues from the firms who furnish supplies for amateur entertainments—things like colored lights for tableaux, false moustaches and wigs. The people who write for a loan of a Package Library pay the postage—otherwise the service is entirely free. Nothing is ever sold.

SOMEBODY visiting in one section of the state sees a one-act play or hears a laughter-provoking recitation. She returns home, tells about it, and the next time the entertainment committee in her part of North Dakota are arranging a program, a request goes out for this same pamphlet. In this way, *Grandma Keeler gets Grandpa Keeler Ready for Church* has gone the rounds and become a classic. *Training a Wife* is another great favorite, and for telephone subscribers on party lines, *By Telephone* provokes roars of laughter, elbow nudges, and significant winks.



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "THE RUSSIAN HONEYMOON"

One request for a Package Library says that the society represented has some good talent which is "loud and distinct"—Who has not strained to catch the faint-voiced lines of an amateur actress? Another requests dialect plays—"anything but Scotch."

So far as dialect plays are concerned, North Dakota has people competent to handle almost any of them. Norwegians are there in the largest numbers; then come sixty thousand Russians, more than the entire population of Portland, Maine; forty-five thousand Germans, enough to make another good-sized city, and besides these, there are Swedes, Danes, Austrians, Irishmen, English, Hungarians, Scotch, Icelanders, French, Welsh, Bohemians, Dutch, Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, and Italians—good American farmers, every single one of them. Both the people who have come from the North of Europe and those from its Southern countries treasure memories of carnival days across seas. Most of the farmers' wives have tucked away, in trunks, gay scarfs and velvet-bodiced gowns which they once wore at some far-away village festival. But, heretofore, in the new land, thinly scattered over miles of prairie as they are, they had had no opportunity to use them. Now, all this is changed. Anything that will do for a costume is at a premium.

NOT long ago, an eager crowd came together in a country town-hall. The people in the chairs before the stage had come long distances; they seemed a little restless, a little embarrassed by the unaccustomed situation. What was going to happen had been kept a great secret, and gasps of surprise came from those who were waiting when the curtain finally went up behind the lanterns that were acting as foot-lights. The scene was a whitewashed room with an open fire-place before which an old grandfather sat with a book. Rays of light representing the Midnight Sun and the Northern Lights were ingeniously thrown through a small window. On a loom, which had also taken the long Atlantic voyage, girls spun yarn. The old country costumes brightened many an eye in the audience.

At first, the figures sat immovable in a sort of tableau. Then from the arm-chair before the fire, the long-bearded grandfather began to read in the Icelandic language. Somewhere in the room, a woman, worn with the hard farm-life of years, sobbed. When the old man stopped reading, a youth with a violin stepped forward and began to play. More than one horny hand wiped away tears as there quivered through the hall the melody of a loved air, the work of an Icelandic composer.

At last, the group on the stage broke into the national song of Iceland. Everyone who knew the words sang with

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# MAKING A WRITER OF MYSELF

By A WOMAN WHOSE NAME IS IN ALL THE BIG MAGAZINES

Illustrated by W. C. NIMS

**T**O begin with, I am no genius. Geniuses have laws unto themselves. I began to write in the hope of making a better living than I could at anything else, and I succeeded. After six years of writing, my income averages fifty dollars a week on less than three hours' work daily.

Nearly every week, some girl or man comes to me and asks me how I did it, and whether he or she can go out and do likewise. I never answer the last question, because I do not know. But I do know why I have been successful, and why a good many other people who make an attempt at writing are not.

In the first place, I began without illusions. I did not believe that I was a genius, as I have said; I did not even know that I could write. I just determined to try. At the time, I was in the middle twenties, and I had had two articles accepted and published, simply because I had been engaged in an entirely new work with children which the magazines were glad to hear about. The acceptance of those two articles meant nothing as to my success as a professional writer. It so happened that one winter I had my afternoons free. I decided to try to do something for a newspaper. I called on about five editors without encouragement, but the sixth said he could find a niche for me—just a little one. He assigned me the Women's Clubs. I was to be paid on space. I stayed on the paper about three months, earning from five to nine dollars a week.

About a year later, I decided to make a more definite try at the work. This time, I stayed four months, worked all day, and earned about fourteen dollars a week. Then I left and went into business in New York. The panic of 1907 ended the business, and again I decided to try to write. This time I made a campaign. I hired a typewriter and sent letters to about twenty magazines applying for a position on the editorial staff, and I visited magazine offices steadily. In one week I had sold a joke for one dollar, and I had received orders for two articles. I knew nothing of magazines—so little that I supposed an editor always took an article when he ordered it! When, after a month's work, I took my article to him, he surprised me by saying:

"I don't suppose this is what I want. Just returned one like this a short time ago."

I went to my room feeling pretty blue, but the next day I received a letter asking me to call. When I did, the editor offered me a staff position. I stayed in that office one year. Then, on the advice of one of the editors, I left, resolved to free lance—and not to starve.

The first article I wrote was for a newspaper. I worked on it a week, and they paid me seven dollars and sixty-three cents. That taught me a lesson. Never after did I work without finding out first what I was going to get for my work if it was acceptable.

After the first week, I averaged twenty-five dollars a week. I did it in this way. I went to the libraries and read newspapers, particularly Sunday newspapers, and magazines. I paid for four daily newspapers, and read them painstakingly. Whenever I found an idea that seemed good, I made a note of it, and afterwards decided whether I could write an article that would pay for the trouble of investigating. If it seemed possible, I sat down at the machine and wrote out a title and a little synopsis of the article. I mentioned length, illustrations, and outlined just what could be done. When I had six or eight ideas like this, I went over the current magazines. When I found a magazine which an idea seemed to fit, I marked it. Then I wrote to the editor saying that I had an idea and would call to

present it at a certain time. I called, with my synopsis and about three other ideas in case the first did not fit. Usually, the editor saw me and, sometimes, an idea was ordered. I never refused a commission, however small.

At one magazine, the editor who had bought the joke for one dollar asked me to go out into the department stores and get up an article on new pots and pans. I went, wrote the article, got twenty dollars for it and a commission to do several more.

For three years after, the main part of my income came from articles on pots and pans, plumbing, curtains, and labor-saving devices. I suggested, and the magazines bought. I went to the advertising pages for my ideas and sent to the manufacturers for matter. I made the articles as interesting as possible. I fictionized them; I wrote them in the first person; I did everything I could to give them variety. And I made money.

In the meanwhile, several young women, whom I knew, pretty nearly starved, trying to sell stories and articles of a better kind. When they inquired into my prosperity, I told them frankly how I did it. They looked horrified.

"How can you?" asked one in shocked tones. "That isn't writing."

"Now, look here!" I protested. "I didn't know anything about this thing when I started. It took me a good while to learn to be a teacher, and almost as long to get a decent salary out of it. I have to go to kindergarten in this business, and if I can make a good living as I go, I may as well learn to write by writing about pots and pans as about anything else."

I NEVER intended to keep to pots and pans if I could help it; but I didn't know what I could do, and I was willing to do anything to get a start.

One of the hard things was to get enough ideas. Many a day, when I sat down to try to think, I seemed to have reached the last idea in my head; and, then, I patiently went over the house from garret to cellar, walls, ceilings, and floors, trying to get a hint of something new. Then I did the same with the household activities, and, somewhere, I found something untouched upon.

I formed the idea habit. You couldn't lock me in a plain room, now, with nothing in it but the chair I was sitting on, without my finding a score of ideas. The chair, for instance, might be the work of blind men in their institution; the walls would make a paint or wall-paper article; the floor one on refinishing, staining, keeping down dust; the radiators one on how to heat a room best and most economically. Ideas are everywhere, and I never lost one, because I kept a book of them and numbered them. I sent the original idea to the editor, but I kept a carbon, and if the editor did not use the idea or return it I made a new sheet. It took me three years to persuade an editor to try the idea that resulted in the most successful article I ever wrote. It has taken two years for many, and some I have not yet placed. When I got an order for an article, I carefully followed the synopsis, attaching it later to the finished article. Then an editor had no excuse for not accepting my work except that it was not well done, or that he had changed his mind. I never had an article rejected for the first reason but once, and I rewrote the article three times before it was accepted. It didn't pay, but I was determined to get it right. I have had several articles returned for the second. Over ninety per cent. of the articles were accepted, without alteration.

After I had been doing pots and pans for about three months, the editor who started me called me to his office.



"I need an Easter special," he said. "Do you suppose you could find an idea?" I went out into the streets and hunted. I found the idea. When I brought it in, all typed, the next day, he said doubtfully:

"I never tried you on anything as important as this; do you suppose you can do it?"

"If you don't like it, don't buy it," I returned, briefly.

The article required investigation into the millinery business. For a week I went to wholesale millinery houses, to factories, and to salesrooms. Then I wrote the article. The editor paid me sixty dollars for it and ordered another. That marked my advent into general article work.

If this account means anything to you, you will see that I worked hard. I went out for my material. When I got an order for an article on "False Hair," I went into the places that handled false hair and not to the libraries. I never copied an article, and I took as little material as possible from printed matter. As a result, my articles were virile and had some originality of treatment. When I didn't know how to do anything, I read the magazines. I learned six or seven types of introduction which I now have in my mind as stock. I learned several types of conclusions. And

I always tried, for one thing, to make an article an organism, not a collection of paragraphs, but a living thing like a story, with one part dependent upon another.

I don't know how many hours a day I worked, because I thought most of the time, although the actual writing and investigating probably did not average over five hours. I married and I went on working. My husband proved valuable as a critic, and I read my most important articles to him. At that time, I composed on the machine and rarely altered copy. As I got better prices, however, I fell to re-writing more. I managed my house, and for a time did my own work, but I do not advise any one to follow my example. I began to try to get rid of the pots-and-pans articles, but it was a hard task. I did them better than the average writer, and editors kept asking for them even though I no longer suggested ideas along these lines to them. Long after I thought I had graduated from this particular field of work, an editor sent for me.

"I want you to do a record-breaking article," she said with enthusiasm, as I waited breathlessly—"on plumbing!" I laughed outright, but I did the article, and she pronounced it "record-breaking."

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# THE LARGEST BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE WORLD

By ERNESTINE EVANS

**W**HEN I was a very little girl and had accomplished some domestic feat that quite surprised the family, to have Father put his hand on my head and say: "What a good little *hausfrau* you are!" was my reward. When he said: "What a good little housekeeper!" it was not quite the same, for tradition had it that the most saving cooks in the cleanest kitchens accomplished their wonders in the valley of the Rhine; and I loved to dwell in the shadow of Frau Germany's reputation.

Needless to say, that was a long time ago, when the world was at peace and no "*Deutschland über alles*" rang through Flanders and through Poland. I looked up to Frau Germany, but I never dreamed that I would some day come through war zones down to Berlin, and meet her face to face as she went busily about conducting the most enormous boarding-house the world has ever known.

I came down from Copenhagen to Berlin last September. Germany had been at war for a year and a month, and, in that time, had taken a million and a half of prisoners, Russians, Belgians, British, and French, to say nothing of having placed in the detention camps all the alien enemy men of military age who had been living within her borders at the beginning of the war. There were over a hundred and fifty camps, in each



A PRISON-CAMP DELEGATION WAITING FOR THEIR DINNER—ARAB, CINGALESE, INDIAN, TURCO, MOOR, ZOUAVE

ports of Bremen and Hamburg. There was a very real problem abroad as to whether there would be enough to eat for Frau Germany's own family; and, yet, there all the lodgers were, hungry, of course, and waiting to be fed, and fed well, for the Hague Tribunal has ruled certain things to protect the fate of prisoners of war.

The keeper of my own small pension out on Neue Winterfeld Strasse used to wring her hands over her dif-

ficulties—and there were only ten of us. Two days a week, according to Imperial order, were meatless days. Not even meat broth could be served, and the police dropped in, every now and again, to inspect and see if we were obeying the orders that were meant to save the meat of the Fatherland. One day a week was a fatless day. We could have nothing fried. That was because oil and fats were very scarce, and something must be done to make what little the empire had last as long as possible. There were bread tickets, without which one could not buy a single roll from the baker, and, at that, the bread was "war bread"—gray



AN ARRAY OF HUNGRY MEN THAT WOULD APPAL ANY BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER



THE SOUP LINE

one of which ten thousand men were lodged; so that there were a million and a half prisoners scattered over the Empire. A million and a half men, three meals a day, four and a half million meals to get and serve every day—was there ever such an appalling task?

I was curious to know how the Frau Germany of my childhood managed it all. For times were hard. The blockade was on, and the English navy made war well. Lard from America, wheat from Argentina, rice from China, tea from India, coffee from Brazil—for months, none of these foodstuffs had been brought into the wide

and rather hard, made of rye and potato meal. Butter was eighty cents a pound. We had butter one meal a day only, and, the rest of the time, ate jam instead, good enough jam, but thinned with carrots. I used to see the light burning under my little pension-keeper's door at night when we came in from concerts, and I would know that she was inventing some new dessert made out of potatoes, and wondering, all over again, if she ever would be able to feed us decently in war-time. Poor dear! And she had only a handful of trouble compared to the Empire.

It was out of sympathy for the difficulties of my own Frau J—that I came into a troubled curiosity as to the mysterious person or persons who ran the nation's tremendous boarding-house for guests who didn't wish to be guests.

"Fifteen hundred thousand men—however do they do it, R—" I said to a friend of mine who is welcome at the German War Office. "Who feeds them—who is Frau Germany, anyway?"

He began to laugh before I finished. "The Frau is a Herr," he said. "It's Professor Backhaus, a nice middle-aged lieutenant who used to teach at the University of

Königsberg. I'll take you around to meet him. Everybody knows him here. He has a place of his own at the War Office, and keeps magnificent house from there. He's the man, by the way, who invented Backhaus powder, a substitute for mother's milk, made out of cow's milk, that has certainly saved great numbers of babies' lives. Several years ago, too, the government of Uruguay had him come



BREAD OVENS FOR ONE PRISON CAMP

to South America to install their new technical high-school."

At the very beginning of the war, Prof. Backhaus was in charge of only one prisoners' camp, that at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The numbers of prisoners increased daily at all the camps, and news kept coming from all parts of the Empire that this lieutenant or that in charge of some one of the camps had overspent his account, and simply could not feed the prisoners under his care on the sixty-six pfennigs a day—sixteen cents in our money—which the government allowed. But, at Frankfort-on-the-Oder there was no shortage. Prof. Backhaus even saved money. The prisoners at Frankfort-on-the-Oder wrote no complaints to the American Embassy at Berlin; and they did write home to Belgium and France that prison life was not so bad. The censor read and was comforted, and, in a few weeks, the authorities at Berlin wrote down to Prof. Backhaus: "Come, run them all!" And so he went up to Berlin to be commander-in-chief of German boarding-houses.

**A**ND what boarding-houses! Boarders coming every day, not politely applying, one by one, and leaving a body plenty of time to make place for one more, but by the hundreds, some sick and some well, all kinds and varieties of persons wanting all kinds and varieties of things, some talking Russian and some talking English, some complaining in French and some silent in Flemish. They say that on the days of German victories, when the German, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian flags flutter over the balconies of gray Berlin, and the extra papers are sold at the entrances to the underground railway; when all the rest of Germany is jubilant and gay, Dr. Backhaus reads the news and clasps his hands in despair, over the ten thousand Cossacks who have been captured in East Poland. It is quite a different story to him. "Ten thousand more people for breakfast!" he cries. "Forty cooks to find!" Then, after a flutter, he becomes the scientist again—and the very calm, very busy housewife that R—— and I found when we went to visit him, with his laboratory, and his dining-rooms, and his sample shelves, tucked off in a corner of the German War Office.

Now, a scientist does not think about feeding people a pleasant jumble of one-egg cakes and veal-loaf receipts.

He begins with something like this: "The human body needs for its daily sustenance 6 grams of albumen, 30 grams of fat, 380 grams of carbohydrates, and 2,000 calories." But Professor Backhaus' formula is more generous than that. He explained to us in a business-like way that, of course, he did not serve the prisoners any such minimum. On the contrary, each one of them got, every day, 85 grams of albumen, 40 grams of fat, 475 grams of carbohydrates, and 2,700 calories! And he stood even a little straighter in his gray-green uniform with its buckle "*Gott mit Uns*," as he went on to assure R—— and me that when the prisoners chose to work, they had even an additional ten per cent. of food. He brought out piles of menus with all these scientific things worked out. R——, who understands all about albumen and calories, glowed with scientific interest. "The prisoners are certainly not underfed. They may not lead a high life nor be heading for gout, but they're a long way from a minimum diet," he declared. I looked unconvinced.

"Won't you," put in Professor Backhaus, "stay for a sample luncheon and test the prisoners' diet?"

ONE OF THE KITCHENS FOR GERMANY'S BOARDERS



PARTY, BUT ENJOYING THEMSELVES FOR ALL THAT



That was better. I certainly would. I could tell a lot more about the state of Michael O'Neil's feelings—him that was captured at Ypres and lodged at Dobrowitz—from eating a facsimile meal than from admiring Professor Backhaus' statistics for hours. We trailed along joyfully after the laboratory staff, who every noon test a three-course luncheon, made up, according to Dr. Backhaus, of one-third breakfast, one-third dinner, and one-third supper.

What we sat down to was coffee and black bread, a thin soup made of buckwheat, a rather jolly stew with potatoes and carrots and beef, and a dessert of cornmeal mush and fruit juice.

"At five and a third cents," I kept murmuring, as I ate and ate, and looked across the bare board table at R——.

The buckwheat was pink and gray. "Um!" I said.

"But nourishing!" replied R——.

"The Russian prisoners love it for breakfast. We give it to them instead of coffee," volunteered a laboratory assistant who tests grain for his profession. "The peasants from South Russia have most of them never had coffee, and it is no treat to them."

"Um!" I could not help saying again.

"Quantities of meat in the stew," R—— commented, generously.

I did smack my lips there, for the stew was good. "But I wonder," I quietly whispered to myself, "if it is so savory when it's the hundredth time it's turned up on a tin plate."

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# OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS

PERSONAL LETTERS SUBMITTED IN THE MARCH PRIZE CONTEST

Illustrated by W. W. MILLER

**Two Generations—  
First Prize Letter, \$25.00**

**H**ERE is my problem—human enough, in all conscience—but as to its interest, let others say.

"How shall the old and the young live together, and really live?

"You see, I do not raise the question of 'whether,' at all. I ask bluntly for the 'how.' How live together and avoid the daily clash of diverse interests? How reconcile the tastes of different generations? How combine the activities of youth and old age, to produce a center of harmony?

"My life is completely surrendered to furthering the comfort and well-being of my parents—and I am not happy in the sacrifice.

"The obvious course, since they have each other, is to leave them to live their own lives in terms of their own choosing, while I fare forth to find my own niche, in a world of my own life values.

"But there's the problem. I can't leave my parents; but neither can I consent to sacrifice my youth, my companions, my contact with life, and all that spring-time of life holds dear.

"The reasons why I cannot live an independent existence? They are many.

"I am the youngest of a large family of children. One by one, they passed out, till I alone remained. Now they have children—and noisy children, too, as boys and girls ought to be; any one of these teeming, busy homes would drive my invalid mother distracted, if she could be induced to try to find shelter with a married son or daughter.

"My father is a vigorous and independent old man, who can brook no restraint. Also, he is hale and ambitious, and needs employment, as well as purpose in his employment. He and I furnish the fund that maintains our home, and it might be a home of comfort.

"My mother has been partially invalidated ever since her last child was born. She is too frail and nervous to face the buffets of everyday life. Even the management of our one servant is too heavy a task in her feeble condition. And what of the spirit that inhabits that feeble body? She looks through the window of her prison upon the passing pageant of life, and finds her only recreation in living through the experiences of others.

"I find myself living, thinking, seeing, in terms of Mother's appreciation. Are the store windows decked in their spring finery? I see it as I think Mother would care to see it. Has the first bluebird flecked a bit of heaven across my vision? It is not the bird I remembered, so much as that I must tell

Mother the auspicious happening. The first dandelion is not a blazing forerunner of summer joys, as it has the right to be, but it is one more trophy garnered for my mother's cheering. These things seem insignificant of themselves, but how complete the slavery they show!

"Not the lightest thread in my web of fate is the necessity for my father's income to be augmented by my earnings. I receive many times the hire of a fair servant, and I prefer the larger horizon of the business world to my father's kitchen, but without my help, my parents simply could not maintain a separate home, especially when my mother's health is so impaired.

"Ought these two old people, ill-suited as they are to a life of dependency, to be condemned to end their days a burden upon the hands of some one of their married children? May it never come to pass!

"Our home, too, is entirely the product of my father's energy and my mother's taste. Here, the children were born. Here, death took its toll. Joy and sorrow, alike, have hallowed the portals, and life itself is incarnated in its walls. Old trees will not bear transplanting. It would be a worse than vandal hand that would tear these two patient ones from their native soil.

"But how can we live together, and yet live—equally live? I want to join my friends in *pleasures* outside of my own home; but when I prepare to go out in the evening, my mother's face clouds with disappointment, and she says: "And are you going to leave me again to-night after being away all day?" Of course, I remain at home.

"Naturally, I want to have my friends come to me at reasonable intervals. But that is simply out of the question. Our threadbare old rugs and impossible walls leer at me and mock me with a hundred different kinds of imp and demon faces lurking in the ornate scrolls and floral decorations that they flaunt.

"Lace curtains in by-gone styles, gilt moldings, and ghastly chromos add their share of unholy discord.

"Golden oak, cherry, mahogany pieces, upholstered chairs, hob-nob socially in our home. We might have better, but these things link together the story of their past for my parents, and not one stick or thread will they have changed.

"I can foresee the answer to this last statement. I know true hospitality can make even these unlovely things contribute to the pleasure of friends worthy the name. But that is not all. My mother dreads strangers; sometimes she is so nervous that even the members of the family cannot see her.



"If she could be shut away from the commotion of guests, and so leave me free, I should have no complaint to make. But she has grown singularly dependent upon me for her mental poise. The more this is disturbed, the more imperative is it that I soothe her and divert her mind until sleep, as light as an angel's breath, comes to her relief.

"A woman once said to me, 'You spoil your mother. You're too good to her.' Heaven forbid that anyone should ever say, 'You spoil your mother. You're too unkind to her.'

"In a word, my life is sacrificed to a purpose that does not sanction itself by satisfying me in return.

"Everyone is sacrificing in some way, I admit. The business man must sacrifice time, energy, talents. The artist makes sacrifices as great in these lines, and often includes personal feeling. Every wife and mother makes heroic sacrifices. But I maintain these all receive a worthy compensation in the coin of real living.

"But as for me, I am simply marking time, waiting for the hour when I can march out into actual life-stuff, and the fear is always over me that soon, soon, it will be too late. Life will have passed me by."

#### The Youthful Mother

I AM a girl twenty-four years old and live with my widowed mother and three brothers. My father died when I was twelve years old, and with the life insurance he left, my mother built us a home. We children work and board at home. I am a stenographer. From the time of my father's death I have occupied the same room with my mother. When the new home was built, rooms were planned for the boys, who objected to sleeping together, but no room was planned for me. When a child I was rather pleased to occupy the room with Mother, but as I grew older, there have been times when I could actually cry for just one little spot I could call my own.

"Mother is young looking, and does not realize that I am no longer a child. She told me the other day, with pride, 'That Mrs. — told her we looked more like sisters than mother and daughter.' And that is just it! I have always gone everywhere with Mother —everywhere! She has never given me an opportunity of going with boys and girls of my own age. When the few young men of my acquaintance have asked me to some place of amusement, Mother has always said: 'You don't mind my going along, do you?' Of course, the answer is always 'No,' but I notice they never ask me to go again.

"My mother always discourages us when we talk of possible marriage. I love my mother, and would not object to devoting part of my time to her; but how to let her know just how I feel, without hurting her feelings, is the problem I would like to have solved.

"How can I escape from being wholly submerged by my capable and youthful mother, before I am obliged to settle down

into the inevitable spinsterhood that stares at me from the four walls of our bed-chamber, and stalks beside us in our evening walks?"

#### Where Should Economy Stop?

IT makes me furious to see a woman scrimp from motives of economy when circumstances do not warrant it. Mother has this tendency, and though—as she frequently reminds me when I remonstrate—the economizing is done for my benefit, I confess that, in my secret heart of hearts, I'm not very grateful.

"In the first place, Mother economizes unnecessarily on the rent question. Now, we could easily spend ten dollars more monthly, and be as comfortable as anybody, but Mother prefers to save that amount; and so we stay on in this old-fashioned apartment, freezing in winter, roasting in summer, and paying good money to a landlady who doesn't believe in making repairs.

"Though our circumstances well warrant it, Mother isn't good enough to herself. I can't make her appreciate that for every dollar she saves by 'slaving,' she expends something infinitely more costly, her health and strength. Despite my entreaties, she won't have a woman come in to do even the heavy work, and so on the freezingest days Mother will be at our fifth story windows, balancing herself on the dangerous sills cleaning the windows; or else hanging out washing.

"Poor Mother! She is always busy, and never 'quite' through. When I come home from the office evenings, there are always some finishing jobs awaiting me. Tuesday's job, putting away the laundry, I loathe. On my arrival home from the office Tuesday evenings, I find every chair in the dining-room ornamented with my waists and lingerie that Mother has been at all day. The selection of that particular room, and the ornamentation thereof, is intentional on Mother's part. It is in the nature of an exhibit, as it were; an impressive reminder of the enormous amount of work one thoughtless girl gives her mother. The suggestion is not lost on me—and it hurts, because of its unfairness.

"I'm just as happy as any other business girl at the prospect of a day off; but when holidays come around, Mother's economizing doesn't give me much chance to enjoy them, I declare to goodness I never did see a house like ours! There are always floors to be shellacked, furniture to be polished, cupboards to be cleaned, and curtains to be freshly hung; and this is the way I invariably celebrate national holidays and the Great Men's birthdays. I'm pretty grouchy over it, too, sometimes; but when Mother plaintively reminds me that it is only one day I help her, and she is continually wearing herself out doing things for me, I feel like an ingrate. I am, too, from Mother's point of view, but I don't see the sense of either of us wearing ourselves out doing work that we can well afford to have done for us.

Mother, I know, compares her work at home with mine at the office, and I dare say

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"I THINK THAT YOU LOVED ME WHEN WE WERE MARRIED. HEAVEN KNOWS, I LOVED YOU!"

## ROSES IN DESERT PLACES

By ROYAL A. BROWN

Illustrated by G. A. HARKER

EDWARD EASTMAN'S name stood for success—ruthless, spectacular, yet conservative success. The name, in its blunt simplicity, appeared on the outer office door, and again on the inner one marked "Private"—just the name and nothing else. It was as if Edward Eastman scorned to explain his position in the financial world—which was the truth. He had started with the determination to make his name stand for the big things, gigantic in conception, epic in achievement. The name on the door stood for just these things—and not to one little group but to the world.

In three weeks, Eastman would turn fifty-two—but he did not look it. He was well groomed, splendidly set up; as straight, as supple, and as strong as he had been at thirty. He could match wits six days running with the oldest, craftiest wolves in the financial center of the city; on the seventh he could outride, outswim, or out-tennis the old wolves' sons.

In brief, he had abundant wealth and abundant health; he went after whatever he wanted and he got it—not sometimes, but always.

Now, at almost fifty-two, he wanted a woman. That woman was not his wife. He tapped his desk a bit impatiently. At three o'clock, Mrs. Eastman would be here in his office. He had asked her to come that he might tell her his purpose. For twenty years, she and he had been proceeding, independently, along diverging ways. In her own *metier*, that of the wife of the successful man, she had been as effective as he. The eager, imperious, impetuous girl he had married had matured into a woman of rare poise and charm, with an extraordinary *flair* for society and club-life.

When, at thirty, he had taken the first long step toward the fame and fortune that were now his, he had told her, exultantly that "they would show them." He had meant, to be precise, that he would show them, but what he actually said proved nearer right. They had shown "them." Yet

Caroline Eastman, as far as appearances went, might have been her own daughter; the mother of her grandchild.

On his desk-pad, Eastman's secretary had written "Mrs. Eastman at three." Eastman smiled rather grimly. The appointment was one that he would hardly forget. He drew out his watch, looked at it, frowned. It was five minutes past the hour. Caroline was usually prompt. He wondered if her car had been delayed. He walked to the window and looked down at the traffic moving in the street far below; a sluggish stream of pedestrians, slowly moving electrics, and heavy horse-drawn vehicles, through which the active automobiles darted swiftly, like fishes at play.

Three ten! Eastman began to walk up and down his office, restlessly. His wife's delay affected him strangely. He realized for the first time that he had been keyed up to the meeting; that it had not been far from his mind all day; that he was actually nervous—he, who had not been really nervous for years. He ran over in his mind again the thing which he had to tell her—a rare process for a man who took up matters which often involved millions, discussed them briefly yet exhaustively, and made his decision instantly.

He wished to discuss this thing coolly, dispassionately, as he would a business agreement. As a matter of fact, this was, in many phases (he told himself), nothing more than a matter of business. She and he had been partners. She possessed an interest in his name and in his position that he had given her, years ago, when both meant a great deal less than they did now. He wished to resume this interest. He would pay her for it; pay liberally. She and he had drifted apart—far apart. They had little in common, but, by George, he would do the right thing by her; give her any amount in reason.

**I**N his mind, as he reviewed it, the proposition seemed plausible, persuasive. In any event, he would listen to no other. His plans were made. Tears, reproaches, recriminations—he could not picture Caroline using any of these weapons—must not be permitted to change them; would not be permitted to change them.

The door opened. Eastman started and turned. It was his wife. As she approached, he so nearly lost self-possession as almost to offer her the perfunctory kiss which, for years, had been the sole seal of the early contract by which they bound themselves "until death do us part." He caught himself in time, but the incident served to unsettle him. He found himself at loss for a beginning. She sat down. He looked at her. She smiled at him but said nothing. It was quite evident that he would have to make his own opening. Had she expressed surprise at his request that she come here; had she even looked curious, it would have been easier for him. All at once, that which he had to propose seemed less plausible, less persuasive; it was more like revealing some shameful secret, confessing an intended injury.

"I imagine," he began lamely, "that you think it rather strange I should ask you to come here when I might have waited until I came—home." He could not bring the last word in naturally, he found, when it loomed up ahead of him.

"I had thought of that," she said, with her quick smile.

He felt, with a flash of anger, that she sensed his unwonted discomfiture and was deliberately attempting to keep him at his worst. With that thought came quick self-rehabilitation.

"It is simply that I prefer the matter I am about to discuss with you be treated as a matter of business rather than of sentiment," he said, clearly, incisively.



She nodded her acquiescence, and he leaned forward. It was an old habit of his—this impetuous movement which brought him closer to his *vis-à-vis*.

"Caroline," he said, "I believe you are one of the big club women here. I don't know the trend of your culture just now, but it seems to me that I heard, awhile back, that you club women were discussing such topics as the immorality of marriage where there is no love. No," he commanded, as she made a movement as if to speak, "I don't want to hear about it—that was just by way of introduction to what I have to say. I want to talk to you about marriage without love. That is what our marriage has become."

"I think that you loved me when we were married. Heaven knows, I loved you. I don't know just what has happened since. I had my business and you had the other things you were interested in. Anyhow, we have drifted farther and farther apart, year by year until—well, the Lord only knows how far apart we are now. I don't. You move in your orbit, I move in mine. The times we touch are so few as to be negligible."

**N**Ow I don't know your views about the kind of marriage ours has become, or about divorce. Come to think of it, I don't know your views about much of anything, which is simply another indication of how far apart we are. But that phrase about the immorality of marriage without love has some truth in it. I don't love you; you don't love me. The letter of our contract remains, but the spirit has gone. I want to dissolve the contract. I realize that you have claims on me, I am prepared to meet them. But I am determined to have a divorce."

The last sentence had a ring of defiance rather than of ruthless determination. Eastman himself was conscious of the fact. He suddenly became conscious, too, that, for the first time in years, he had approached the thing he wanted not by the shortest, abruptest, most cold-blooded method, but in much the same fashion as the petitioners who came to him, craving something and not commanding it, paved the way for their requests. The same force they had felt in addressing him, he had felt in his wife. But he breathed a sigh of relief as he looked at her face. She was considering the matter, quite calmly.

"As you say," she began slowly, "we have grown apart. I don't suppose there is any use in trying to determine the fault, we have the fact to deal with. It is not what we have done, but what is to be done. Of course," she said, abruptly, "there is somebody else."

He nodded assent—to attempt to evade would be childish, he knew. She would learn eventually, in any case.

"There usually is," she said, without bitterness. Then she added, "There need be no scandal?"

"None at all," he responded promptly. "I'll fix that. And I—we, that is, will go abroad, after—afterwards, and travel for a while. It will blow over quickly."

"You are going to leave business?"  
"For a time, anyway."

Eastman felt that he was farther than ever from the position he had planned to take during this interview. He had been placed, just how he did not know, in the position of a defendant who explains, or attempts to extenuate his act; whereas he had intended simply to make announcement of his intention and then proceed to carry it out, as one with royal prerogatives might. He found himself baffled by the attitude of his wife; it was as if she were weighing, analyzing him, in an effort to arrive at some decision which ignored that which he had made.

"How old is she?" asked his wife, abruptly.  
 "I don't know—twenty, perhaps twenty-two."  
 "I suppose that your mind is made up and that you are merely making formal announcement of the fact to me?"

He nodded.

"What will you do if I refuse to divorce you?"

"You won't." He answered with surface assurance, but he wondered, somewhat at a loss, what he would do if she should refuse.

"Quite right," she said. "If you want your freedom, you can have it."

The interview seemed at an end, yet Eastman, much as he desired that happy relief, was powerless to accept the chance her words offered. She was still mistress of the situation. He had a sense of something held in reserve, and he waited, expectantly.

"Edward—you know young Withington, don't you?"

"I believe so. All muscle and no brains. Something of a fool."

"He's more than something of a fool, Edward—he's a colossal fool." She paused, and added, reflectively. "And you're another."

Eastman stared at his wife, too amazed to feel anger.

"In fiction, Edward, our situation would be described as the eternal triangle. But this isn't a triangle—it's a quadrangle. Do you know what young Withington did last night? He asked a woman who is almost forty-three—old enough, in all truth, to be his mother, to run away with him."

"Withington—asked—you—to—run—away—with him."

"He did. He told me that I was the most beautiful creature that ever lived; that he loved me so much that he would die if I refused to go with him. He told me that we would 'fly' to the ends of the earth and a great many other things. And, over and over again, he told me I was beautiful."

"You—let—him!"

"I let him—until he tried to kiss me. Somehow, that seemed incongruous. So I told him that he was very young—and foolish."

**EASTMAN** looked at his wife. She had risen and was looking down at him. He saw her, suddenly, with young Withington's eyes. She was beautiful, she was young, at forty-two. He remembered that, in the days of their courtship, he had told her that he loved her most because of the girl that danced in her eyes—the little girl that never grew up. "But, supposing the little girl grows up—then you won't love me any more," she had said. "But the little girl never will grow up," he had answered, with positiveness. He had been right, the girl still danced in her eyes, danced still as if she would never die—but he loved her no more.

He felt this very lack of emotion with a sense of loss. There was tenderness still, he realized. But the old fire had died out, to be renewed elsewhere. The very thought of the other woman made his pulse leap, his heart beat faster, filled him with a flame of indefinable longing.

"Do you know why I told young Withington that he was young—and foolish?"

"Why—of course, you couldn't care for him!"

"Perhaps not. But then—I don't know. It is hard sometimes to gauge one's feelings." She paid no attention to her husband's wide-eyed stare of surprise. "I know you men call young Withington a fool because he's a muff in business. What was it you called him—all muscle and no brains? You were wrong. The boy's a poet. He doesn't write poetry, he thinks it. He looks like a Greek god, and he talks like a troubadour. He idolizes me, as a woman loves to be idolized. And yet, you say, I couldn't care for him." "Caroline!"

I KNOW it—it is perfectly indecent of me. I am forty-two! If I weren't—if I were twenty-two, or thirty-two, even, instead of forty-two, I might have been tempted too much, as you have been tempted. As you say, the letter of our contract remains, but the spirit has gone. It was not you, but myself, that stood in the way. When middle-age—how I hate the word—traffics in love with youth, both get cheated. I do not want to cheat myself, nor young Withington.

"The dream would have become a nightmare. I know that, too well. In twenty years I shall be—sixty-two.

Young Withington will still be—young Withington. I'm not old, I don't feel old. But this is the tragedy of age—it drops down on one suddenly in the full glory of life, as night falls upon the tropic day."

She paused for a moment. Eastman, though his mind echoed and re-echoed with the incredible things she had said, could find nothing to say.

"Edward, the truth is that we have both had a chance to make fools of ourselves. I'm not going to make one of myself. You ap-

parently are. Yet, young as you are, I am younger, in spirit, in appearance, in years. I am forty-two and you are fifty-two. Reverse the sex of the principals, and everything I have said about myself and young Withington is true of you and her."

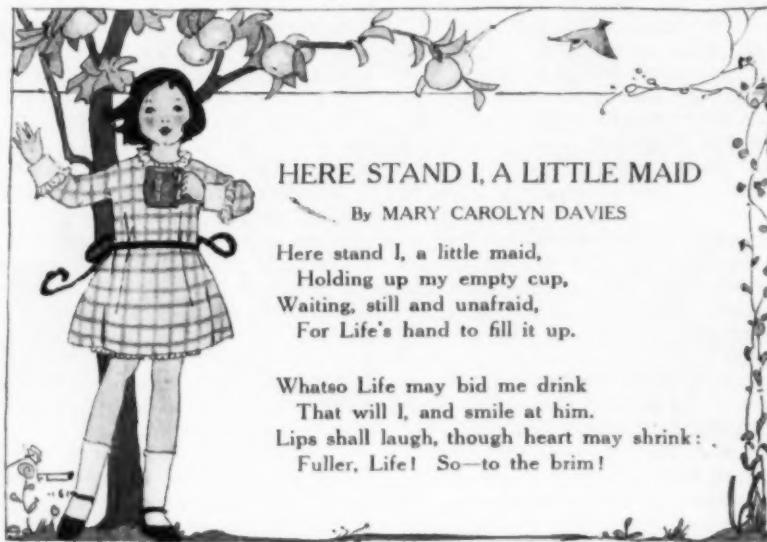
He turned, then, his face stark with suppressed emotion. "You can't—you can't begin to conceive how I love her!" he exclaimed.

"I can conceive just that," she said, ever so gently. "I think you love her—or think you love her—somewhat as you loved me, twenty years ago. Have you forgotten that?" She paused, but he made no attempt to reply.

"I haven't. I loved you, too. I loved you so that I felt as if I must die if you should be taken away from me. I felt, even then, that you would rise high. I determined that, no matter how far you might go, no matter how much you might develop, I would go as far, develop as much. I was going to keep step with you through the years, hand clasped in hand. And I have—kept step; but, somehow, our hands have become unclasped.

"I said you were a fool. It's harsh, but it's true. Can't you see it, Edward? Twenty years ago, you made the experiment. Can she bring you anything more than I did? Remember that we were both young; that it was youth mated with youth; that we thought alike, hoped alike. We had our chance, you and I—had it then. Do you think you

[Continued on page 84]

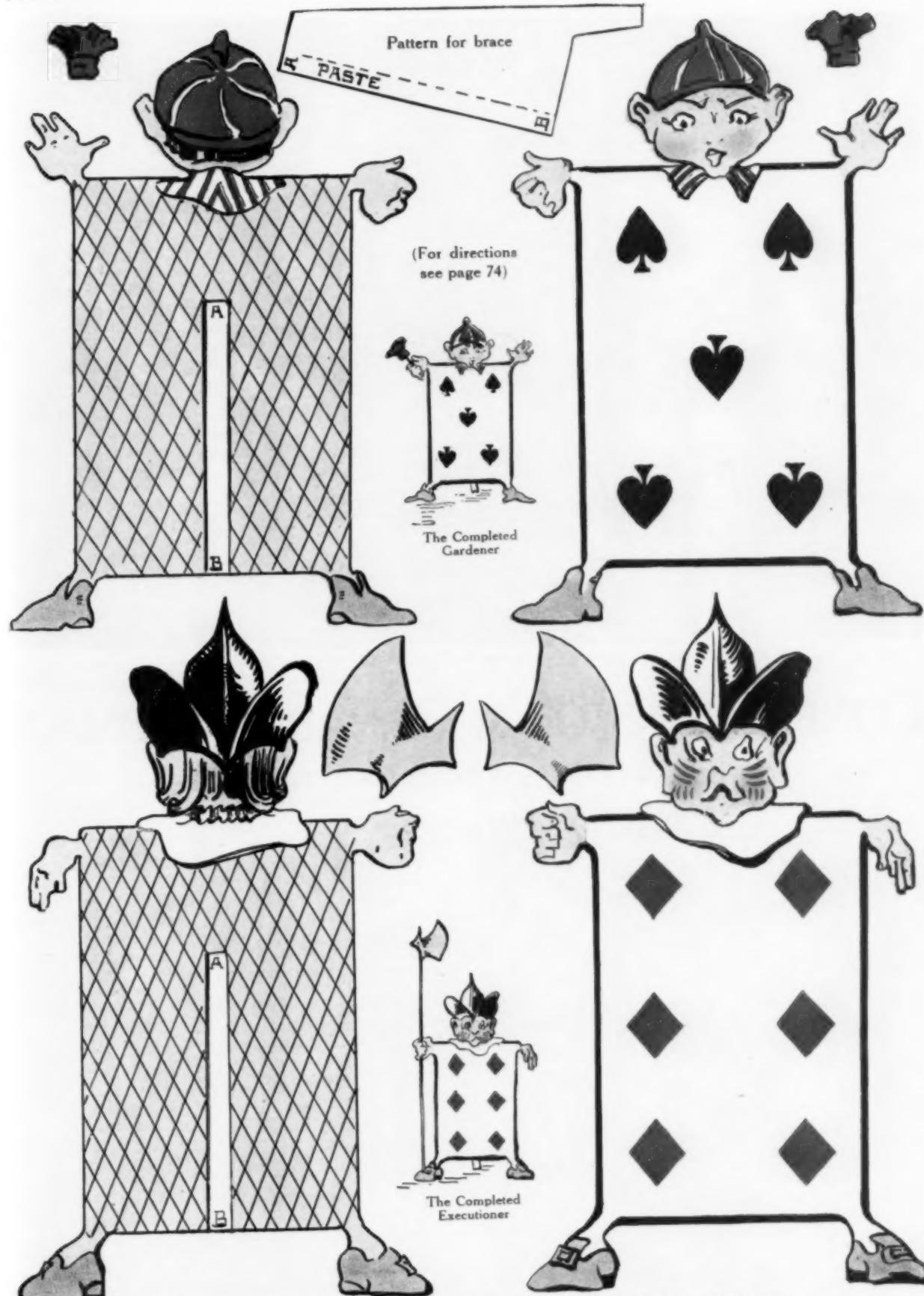


### HERE STAND I, A LITTLE MAID

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Here stand I, a little maid,  
 Holding up my empty cup,  
 Waiting, still and unafraid,  
 For Life's hand to fill it up.

Whatso Life may bid me drink  
 That will I, and smile at him.  
 Lips shall laugh, though heart may shrink:  
 Fuller, Life! So—to the brim!



THE EXECUTIONER AND THE GARDENER  
AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT  
Designed by RAY DUMONT



IN THE DOORWAY, SLEEPY-EYED, CLAD IN PAJAMAS, AND UTTERLY INCREDULOUS, STOOD FATHER!

# CONFessions OF A CAPABLE WOMAN

By ONE WHO HAS RENOUNCED THE TITLE

Illustrated by FRANK RAYMOND

MY career as a Capable Woman began about five o'clock one spring morning when I was six years old. I shall never know what awakened me at that unusual hour, because I was the family sleepyhead. It may have been the sparrows chattering in the tree top outside my window. It may have been a too insistent sunbeam prying at my eyelids—but I like to believe that it was a dawning sense of womanly responsibility stirring deep in my soul. At any rate, when I discovered that nobody was astir in the house, my first thought was of the kitchen fire. Father always made the fire, but, as Father still slept, that responsibility seemed automatically to be transferred to my unburdened shoulders.

Thrilling with this new sensation of responsibility, I crept out of bed, washed my face gingerly with the tips of my fingers, gathered my curly hair into a knot at the top of my head, woman fashion, and began a desperate struggle with my clothes. My fingers grew numb and my outraged muscles ached rebelliously because of my frantic efforts to button petticoat and dress. The irrevocable fact that buttonholes were designed for corresponding buttons troubled me not at all. The fire was to be made, and with the possibility of some one waking before I had accomplished my self-appointed task, the only real necessity was to fill each yawning buttonhole with a button.

Finally, I was ready to tiptoe down the stairs. The tops of my unbuttoned shoes flopped about my ankles. The lower floor was almost dark because of the drawn shades. The kitchen looked strange—not a bit like our homey kitchen—

and the stove looked bigger and blacker and colder than it had ever looked before. I lifted the nearest cover noiselessly and stuffed in a newspaper, unperturbed by the presence of ashes, and unabashed by mysterious dampers and draughts. Then I started toward the cellar after kindling wood.

The cellar was darker than the kitchen, and the coal-bin was the most terrifying place imaginable. I began to have a new respect for my father, who must have been a brave man indeed to enter that cavern every morning of his life and never say a word about it to the family afterward! I shook with fear, but my courage sustained me. If entering that dungeon was a necessary part of making the kitchen fire, it would have to be done! I closed my eyes, snatched a few pieces of wood, and flew up the stairs, slamming the door behind me.

THE kitchen was beautifully friendly. I crammed the wood in on top of the paper, tremblingly struck a match, and dropped it into the stove. As soon as the lid was in place, a suffocating stream of smoke curled from all the crevices. For one awful moment I faced this dilemma, fearful lest I should lose my new dignity and weep. Just then I heard a light step. In the doorway, sleepy-eyed, clad in pajamas, and utterly incredulous, stood Father!

My life as a Capable Woman would probably have ended then and there if Father had not been the blessed, understanding person he was. I do not remember our conversation. I only know that he stood looking, first at the smoking stove, then at my smudged hands and clothing buttoned

awry. Then there came into his face an expression that I had seen just once before. That was when Mother was ill and a strange woman called him into the bedroom, close up to the bed, and showed him a bundle that grew into Little Sister. He picked me up very gently and carried me up-stairs on his shoulder. While we were explaining, Mother looked at me so tenderly that a lump came into my throat.

During the remainder of that day I was the neighborhood heroine, which is pleasant, indeed. By the time I was tucked into bed that night, I had resolved to make the fire every morning of my life and to do every difficult, grown-up thing I could think of to do.

It is surprising to know how many difficult things one can find, even at six. It is more surprising still to know how many difficult things one will be allowed to do, if one insists—even at six. But the most amazing thing of all is how soon the world in general distinguishes its Capable People and how willingly it casts its heaviest burdens upon their shoulders.

I WAS shrewd enough, even as a child, to realize that the surest way to gratify my ambition and merit the applause every child craves, was to do those things other children could not, thought they could not, or would not, do. This meant that I calmly threaded wriggling worms on bent pins that dangled from the fishing-poles of other girls who either shuddered and stood by, or screamed and ran away, while I, contemptuously nonchalant, performed this heroic deed—usually in the presence of some admiring older boy! Not that I enjoyed the feeling of those snaky worms! Every time one of the other girls shivered and ran, I was ready to echo the performance; but we couldn't fish without baited hooks and, to be quite truthful, there was too much pride in my little soul to permit an insignificant earthworm to put me to ignominious flight. I think I was born with an instinct that compelled me always to do my best. Then, too, applause is a great incentive, whether your public be a little ring of admiring youngsters, a stadium full of cheering

enthusiasts, or simply the comforting realization that you have done what you could.

My childish apprenticeship, which trained me for the rôle I was destined later to enact, included such apparently trifling acts as posting letters after dark for other children who were "afraid," pacifying screaming babies whose brothers and sisters usually had urgent business around the corner, harnessing the horse when Father wasn't home—so somebody else could take a ride—chasing baby chicks into the hen-house during thunder showers; in a word, the countless things a young girl is called upon to do if she is capable and willing. In my case, willing did not mean eager. It meant that my self-respect would not allow me to whine and play battledore and shuttlecock with the tasks that came my way.

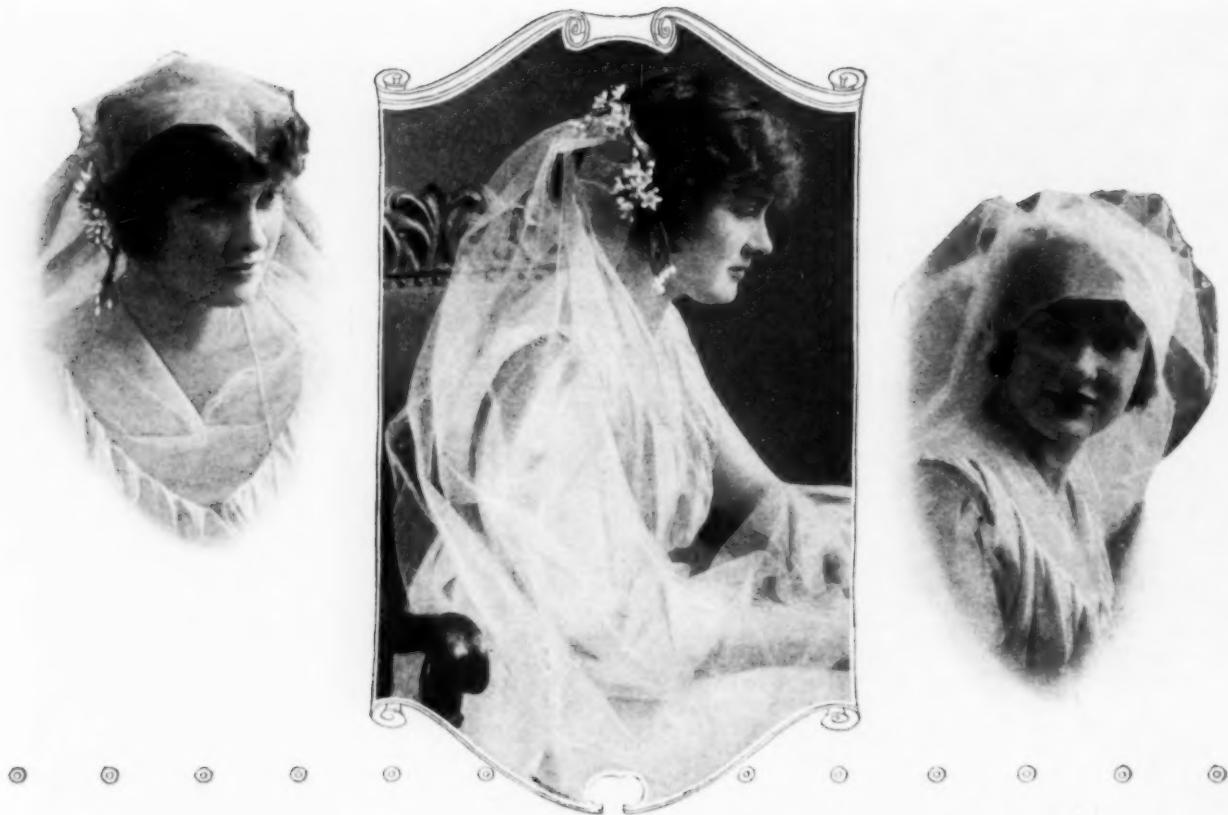
**W**HEN I was fifteen, a bride and bridegroom came to visit us. She was a beautiful, Dresden China Bride, warranted to break, nervously, at the slightest shock. We lived in the country in one of those delightful simple-life houses with no improvements. The charming Bride sat on the porch or lay under a tree in the hammock all day, while Mother and I cooked delectable meals over a scorching wood fire, carried water to and from her bedroom and tried to believe it was as cool as she declared it to be.

The first morning of their visit they appeared at the breakfast-table looking wan and unhappy. There had been a terrifying, gnawing sound in their room. The Bride had hardly closed her eyes. We assured her that it was merely a mouse in the chimney-closet. Her husband teased her a little, but he patted her hand and consoled her so manfully that I determined, then and there, to cultivate a nice, lady-like attitude toward mice. My usual calm demeanor in the face of such deadly peril seemed suddenly brazenly unlady-like. Blushing with shame, I recalled all the mice I had yanked out of traps, all the spiders that had met an untimely death beneath my merciless heel, and the headless

(Continued on page 501)



"YOU'RE A PERFECT LOVE TO COME!" SHE EXCLAIMED AFFECTIONATELY



**O**N her wedding day a girl may wear all the frills, puffs, old laces, and other decorations that are dear to her heart without fear of overdoing her costume. She can disregard fashion and dress herself exactly, stitch for stitch, as her great grandmother did fifty years ago. The principles of simplicity she may for once throw to the winds. She may have her favorite colors, so many times unbecoming to her own self, worn by her bridesmaids, and, for once in her life, she may be as extravagant as the family budget will budge.

With all this license, however, she must still work out an attractive, artistic ensemble; and this will require thought and hard work. For herself, of course, she will want a veil. It is the one time, the occasion of her first wedding, when she can wear that beautiful, old-as-the-histories, head-dress. The tulle used for bridal veils is made very wide, usually three yards. Use it lavishly, for a bride ought to be so enveloped by her veil as to look wreathed in fleecy clouds. Use the widest kind of tulle and cut it long enough to reach well onto the train of the dress. Do not let it hang in straight folds from the head, but puff it out so that it will stand away from the figure. You can do this by catching it here and there with tiny bunches of orange blossoms.

There are several new ways to treat the veil on the hair. The kerchief cap (figure at left, page 28) is made of diamond-shaped pieces (about three) of the tulle laid one over the other to give a little heavier effect than the rest of the veil. From side to side, this diamond kerchief measures eleven inches, from front to back nine inches. First pleat one end of the long veil and pin with invisible wire hair pins to the hair, then lay the kerchief on top of the head, well to the front, and pin the four corners firmly. For this style of head-dress, the hair ought to be arranged over the forehead. The orange blossoms can be laid across the back of the head where the cap and veil join.

When the bride has attractive hair, she would be wise to leave it uncovered as much as possible. The veil (middle figure, page 28) can be pleated and pinned to the hair on a graceful curved line across the back of the head. The orange blossoms make a good finish at the top of the veil.

## FOR OUR BRIDES LESSONS IN HOME

By EVELYN TOBEY,

An entirely original and new way to drape a bridal veil (figure at right, page 28) is to pleat the fulness at the top of the veil and pin it to the hair far over to the front of the head, then finish across the forehead with a three-inch flat band of the tulle. This band can either be joined at the neck in the back, if the ends, from the ears, are laid in deep pleats to make them narrow, or the band can be short enough to reach just back of the ears and end abruptly there. The loose veil then ought to be made to puff high over the top of the head. This style of veil makes a bride look very demure and nun-like. No blossoms at all need be used with this veil.

STILL another way of arranging the bridal veil (figure at right, page 29) is to make a pleating of the tulle, pin it across the back of the hair, and let the loose veil fall from this pleating over the figure. The pleating ought to be about four inches wide and made of several layers of the tulle. A wreath of the orange blossoms, or a frill of old point lace, may be used to cover the joining of the frill and veil.

The last two styles of draping suggested are especially becoming to short girls, and the first two would help the girl who is too tall. As the artificial wax orange blossoms are heavy, they ought to be used sparingly. Too many of the blossoms give an uninteresting effect of a wax mass while a few that stand solitary allow the outline of each to set against the tulle.

For bridesmaids, the large hat is still the popular style. For the June wedding the daisy model (two figures at left, page 29) is unique and beautiful. The crown frame measures (see April lesson on wire frames) twenty-five inches



## AND BRIDESMAIDS MILLINERY—NUMBER XLI

Director of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

at the base, thirteen inches from front to back, eleven and one-quarter inches from left to right, and twelve inches from each intermediate side-back to side-front spoke. The spokes of this frame are shaped to be well rounded instead of high and pointed. They are about the same shape as those given for the wire crown in the April lesson. Rice net can be wet, stretched, and dried, in the lines of the wire mold. One base wire can be sewed around the bottom of the rice-net frame when it has been removed from the wire mold and trimmed. This shape of crown can be purchased in any millinery shop, however, at a price no greater than that incurred in making it at home.

After the crown frame is made, cover it loosely with white tulle. Then sew small yellow blossoms close together all over the crown. If any space shows between these flowers, the loose tulle cover will fill in, give a soft effect, and prevent the bare frame from showing.

THE brim of this hat is made of eleven white chiffon petals. To make one, cut a piece of white lace wire sixteen inches long. Bend this wire in the middle, then make each eight-inch side curve to conform to the edge of the chiffon petal. To make a pattern of this petal (Fig. 1), cut a piece of paper six inches long and four and one-half inches wide. Fold the paper in two, thus making it measure six inches in length and two and one-half inches in width. From one end of the folded edge, measure one and one-quarter inches toward the double raw edges. Cut on a line beginning at this one-and-one-quarter-inch point, extending outward to the very edge of the folded paper and ending at the second end of the folded line. Open up the

folded paper and you will see that you have the pattern of one petal. Cut the chiffon, allowing one-half inch all around the edge. Sew the wire under the one-half inch allowed and trim the edge of the chiffon. Bind over the wire with No. 1½ white grosgrain ribbon.

Five petals are sewed to the left side of the crown frame, the middle one one inch from the base and the other four sewed on a line curving down both in front and in back to the base of the crown. These petals (see figures at left, page 29) are tilted upward. The rest of the petals are sewed on the base line, and those on the right side of the hat are bent to slant downward. The petals are made and finished first, then, before the flowers are sewed on the crown, the ends of the wire of the petals are sewed fast to the crown. To do this, bend about one-half inch of each end of each petal, pin in place, and sew with heavy thread. The petals on the left side ought to be pinned so as to extend outward about five inches from the crown while those on the right side ought to extend only about four inches. When a broad hat tilts downward as much as this one does, the down side (usually the right side) ought to be shorter than the up side.

Any colors can be combined to make this hat. Rose chiffon petals and pale rose pink blossoms are beautiful. Long green velvet streamers (like those used on middle figure, page 29), made of ribbon one inch wide, are attractive on this hat. They give the effect of stems. Bridesmaids who choose this hat ought to wear fluffy white tulle dresses.

Another popular style of bridesmaid's hat is the horse-hair lace hat (middle figure, page 29). This kind of braid is used for garden hats very much this summer. To make the brim, you have to draft the shape on stiff wrapping-paper (Fig. 2). Take a piece of paper, seventeen inches square. Fold this square in two to make a seventeen-inch by eight-and-one-half-inch figure. Crease well, then fold again in two to make a square figure eight and one-half by eight and one-half inches. Fold again in two from the closed corner (which was the center of the seventeen-inch square) to make a triangle. Open the paper and you will

[Concluded on page 57]

# PARIS SAYS BUSTLES AND HOOPS

## SMALL WAISTS AND LARGE HIPS ALSO ADVOCATED

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

**M**A CHÈRIE:—

All Paris is in a state of uncertainty; the war news is gloomy, the skies are gloomy, and even the modes would like to waver were it not for the determined hands of the designers.

There is a saying in your language, *mon amie*, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink." Alas!

I am afraid we women have less strength of character or discretion, for, no matter how absurd the mode may be, if we see it often enough, and hear its merits insisted upon by persuasive designers, we will sooner or later accept it. On every side, just now, one hears rumors of bones, corsets, high collars, small waists, big hips, and—that epitome of horrors—the bustle!

Unless something happens very quickly, we will find ourselves, before very long, with pinched

waists, bustles, hoops, and French heels, perfectly happy and content with the distorted appearance sure to result.

**A**LL the new petticoats, you know, being used by Paquin, Callot, Jenny, and the others, have bustle cordings of feather-boning, run through the fulness of the skirt across the back, just below the belt; some have one row, some two, depending upon the amount of puff one wishes to acquire. Callot's petticoats are made of bands of silk voile and taffeta, four inches in width, placed horizontally; each band is headed by a stiff cording covered with the silk. Paquin uses stiff taffeta, cuts her petticoats with circular sides and straight flounces, and cords them from belt to hem, across the sides and back. When the fulness is not too exaggerated, the effect of these petticoats is good.

And, my dear, how short some of the skirts are! The skirts of Paquin's suits seem barely to cover the knees; and, in addition, they are banded with straw at the bottom, so that they ripple away from the tops of the very high shoes in a most amazing fashion. Some of the waists are woefully plain, unbecomingly so for many of us. There

are few women who can stand a piece of serge or silk, drawn tightly over the bust front and back, with no sign of frill or tuck for relief, or with only a sheer collar of organdy to save the severity of the neck finish—but, *c'est la mode!*



faded roses at the waistline is a dainty, harmonious finish. The second dress is a dance frock of white taffeta and burnt-bread-color lace. The front of the dress is formed of three full gathered ruffles of the lace, extending from the rounded décolleté to the hem. The back is of the taffeta. An extremely dainty notion is the one sleeve, consisting merely of a large bow of the lace. The sleeveless evening gown is still very popular and it looks now as if we might expect sleeveless afternoon frocks before long.

If we must wear bustles and hoops, *ma chérie*, may we be fortunate enough to find such charming ones as these.

*Toujours votre dévouée.*

Paris, France.

# THE NEW VENETIAN BASQUE DRESS

Other Smart Summer Coats and Skirts

For descriptions, see page 32

SILK suits, coats, and coat-dresses are extremely popular this summer. Faille, taffeta, and the wool-back satins are the silks most generally used. In the Venetian basque dress, one of the season's latest models is illustrated. It is fashioned of plain and brocaded taffeta, trimmed with bands of satin.



7227

7209  
7213

7211

7207-7034



7227

7211



7213



7207

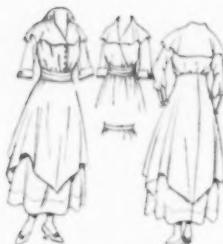


7034

## SLEEVELESS COATEES OF TAFFETA FAVORED



7171-7225



7171-7225



7185-7179

**N**O. 7227, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires seven and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material, one yard same width brocade, five and five-eighth yards wide velvet ribbon for bands, and three-fourths yard twenty-inch material for collar and vest. Dress, two and five-eighth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; thirty-four to forty bust.

No. 7211, LADIES' COAT SUIT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, forty-two-inch skirt length, requires five and one-half yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide. Six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7207, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7034, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, three and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and three-fourth yards wide. Nine sizes; twenty-two to thirty-eight waist.

No. 7209, LADIES' COAT; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents).—Quantities of material given on pattern envelope. Six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7213, LADIES' SKIRT WITH ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SIDE TUNICS (15 cents).—Quantities of material required given on pattern envelope. In eight sizes; twenty-two to thirty-six waist.

COSTUME NOS. 7209-7213, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires seven and three-eighth yards forty-four-inch, and one-fourth yard thirty-six-inch.

No. 7171, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 7225, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—In nine sizes; twenty-two to thirty-eight waist.

\* COSTUME NOS. 7171-7225, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt, requires five yards forty-inch material, four yards eighteen and three-fourth-inch flouncing, ten and three-fourth yards insertion.

No. 7185, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—In six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7179, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—In seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

COSTUME NOS. 7185-7179, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires four and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material for dress and two and one-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net.

No. 6065, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires two and five-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net, three and three-eighth yards forty-inch silk. Dress, three yards wide. Seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 7087, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires six and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch, three-fourths yard same width allover. Dress, three and one-fourth yards wide. Seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 7035, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS; WITH OR WITHOUT CAPE (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, forty-two-inch skirt length, requires four and one-fourth yards forty-inch material. Guimpe, one and five-eighth yards forty-inch. Cape, one and one-fourth yards same width. Dress, three and one-half yards wide. Eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.

No. 6817, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—In seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6889, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—In six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6817-6889, medium size, thirty-eight-inch length, requires two and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch, three and three-eighth yards same width striped, five-eighths yard eighteen-inch lace, and one and one-eighth yards forty-inch chiffon.

7185  
7179

# THE JUNE BRIDE'S FROCK

Smart Suggestions for Her Attendants

For descriptions, see page 32



A SOFT white satin is used for the bride's dress; the bridesmaids wear simple frocks of net and taffeta. The maid of honor's frock is of Dresden taffeta; and the bride's mother is dressed in a simple gown of black and white striped taffeta.



7035



## A SIDE RIPPLE SKIRT AND A TUCKED MODEL

**N**O. 7057, LADIES' DRESS; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT, THIRTY-EIGHT-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires six and three-fourth yards thirty-eight-inch material for dress, three-fourths yard twenty-seven-inch for collar and vest, and three yards lace edging. Dress, three yards wide. In seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 6459, LADIES' AND MISSES' JUMPERS AND BELTS (15 cents).—These little accessories are often very handy for changing the appearance of a frock. Belt, as illustrated, size thirty-six, requires one-fourth yard thirty-six-inch material. In six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6067, LADIES' TUCKED WAIST; WITH OR WITHOUT VEST (15 cents).—Made of one material with vest, size thirty-six requires two and one-eighth yards forty-inch. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 6883, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—This is a pretty design for taffeta or satin. Size twenty-six, forty-two-inch length, requires four and seven-eighth yards forty-inch material. Skirt, two and seven-eighth yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

COSTUME Nos. 6067-6883.—As illustrated, fashioned of taffeta and net this dress may be worn for afternoons, and for all daytime occasions. Crepe Georgette and taffeta, one of the printed silks with blouse of chiffon-cloth, and similar combination would be effective. The side ripple drapery on the skirt is a particularly new notion. Medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt, five and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, one and three-fourth yards fifty-inch net.



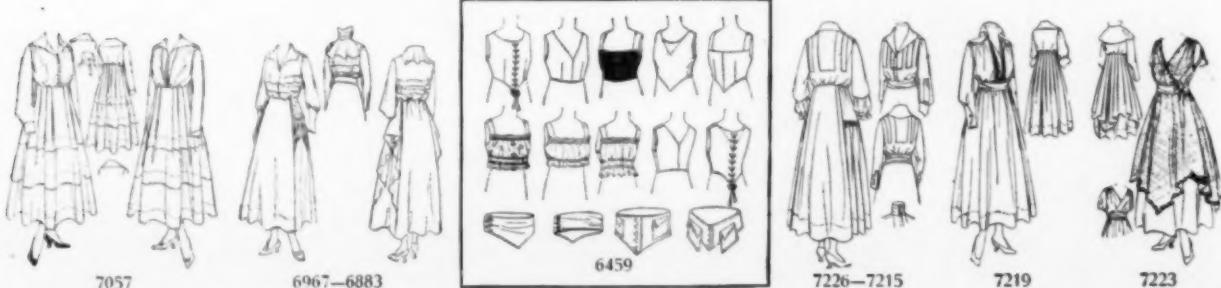
No. 7219, LADIES' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT RUFFLES AND HIP HOOP SKIRT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires six and one-fourth yards forty-inch plaid material and five-eighths yard thirty-six-inch contrasting. Dress, three yards wide. Six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7226, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents).—Underwaist with sleeve puff and round collar, size thirty-six requires one and three fourth yards thirty-six-inch material. Overwaist, with oversleeve and cuff, size thirty-six requires one and one-half yards forty-inch material. In seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 7215, LADIES' SKIRT; PANEL BACK AND FRONT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, forty-two-inch length, requires four and three-fourth yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and three-fourth yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7226-7215, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires five and seven-eighth yards forty-inch material for dress, two and one-eighth yards same width for waist, and seven-eighths yard thirty-inch for girdle and binding.

No. 7223, LADIES' DRESS; WITH UNDERBODICE (15 cents). A charming model for taffeta or one of the cotton wash fabrics, for summer wear, is illustrated here. Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires five and one-half yards forty-inch material, two and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch contrasting, eight and one-half yards insertion. Dress, three yards wide. Eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.





MC CALL PATTERNS

### CHIC MID-SUMMER AFTERNOON FROCKS

A Figured Voile Illustrated with the New Hooped Petticoat

For other views and descriptions, see page 34



### GRADUATION FROCKS OF NET AND TAFFETA

For other views and descriptions, see page 38



### NEW FEATURES IN SUMMER DANCE DRESSES

For other views and descriptions, see page 39

# SUMMER'S SMART BATHING COSTUMES



No. 7216, MISSES' BATHING SUIT; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WITH OR WITHOUT SLEEVES AND VEST; TWO-PIECE SKIRT; STRAIGHT BLOOMERS ATTACHED TO UNDERBODY (15 cents).—As illustrated, suit is fashioned of striped taffeta. There are any number of prepared satins and silks this season suitable for bathing dresses. These fabrics shed the water and dry quickly, and do not cling to the figure when wet. Size sixteen requires three yards thirty-six-inch material for waist and skirt, with one and three-fourth yards same width contrasting. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7195, LADIES' PRINCESS BATHING SUIT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, four and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch; collar, one-half yard eighteen-inch contrasting. Eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.

No. 7197, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; SIDE CLOSING OR TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material, with one-half yard same width contrasting. Eight sizes; fourteen to twenty years, and thirty-six to forty-two bust.

No. 7218, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT; CENTER-FRONT CLOSING OR TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD (15 cents).—Size eight requires two and three-fourth yards forty-four-inch material, with one yard thirty-six-inch contrasting for collar, belt and sleeve facing. Pattern in six sizes; four to fourteen years.

No. 7217, LADIES' MISSES' AND GIRLS' HATS FOR MOTORING OR BATHING (15 cents).—In three sizes; ladies', misses' and girls'.

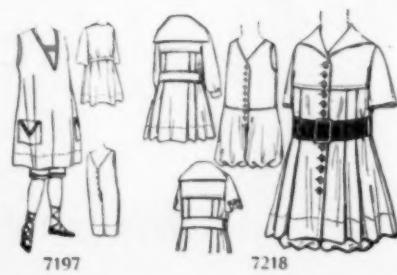
## Descriptions for page 36

NO. 6964, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE; THREE-PIECE SKIRT; WITH OR WITHOUT CIRCULAR FLOUNCES (15 cents).—There are any number of suitable materials in which this model may be developed for the young girl's evening frock. Filet insertion gives a charming effect, combined with soft silk. For girl of sixteen, longer skirt length, it requires five and seven-eighth yards forty-inch material with seven and seven-eighth yards insertion. Dress, two and one-half yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7194, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; SURPLICE OR CENTER-FRONT CLOSING; STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT IN LONGER LENGTH WITH WIDE STRAIGHT RUFFLES OR SHORTER LENGTH WITH NARROW RUFFLES (15 cents).—Charmingly quaint and old-fashioned looking, to meet the demands of the season, this frock would develop effectively in any of the patterned cottons or printed silks. Size sixteen requires two and one-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net, ten and one-half yards eight-inch flouncing, four and one-fourth yards lace edging, and seven-eighths yard wide ribbon for girdle. Skirt, two yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7192, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WITH OR WITHOUT BIB AND APRON; SKIRT WITH TWO STRAIGHT GATHERED SECTIONS (15 cents).—Size sixteen, shorter skirt length, requires two and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material, one and five-eighth yards same width for upper skirt and bib girdle, and one and one-eighth yards forty-inch for waist. Dress, two and three-fourth yards wide. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7212, GIRL'S DRESS; STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT FLOURCE (15 cents).—Size twelve requires two and three-fourth yards forty-inch material, two and three-fourth yards fifteen-inch flouncing, four and three-eighth yards insertion and one yard ribbon for girdle. Pattern in five sizes; six to fourteen years.



# CONSERVATIVE DESIGNS FOR MORNING WEAR

**Descriptions for page 37**

**No. 6916, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE; THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS; WITH OR WITHOUT PANNIERS (15 cents).**—This model is developed in satin, with the effective combination of lace flouncing, allover lace, and is charmingly trimmed with beads. Size sixteen, longer skirt length, requires four yards forty-inch satin, with three and seven-eighth yards twenty-three-inch flouncing, and five-eighths yard thirty-six-inch all-over for sleeve puffs. Dress, three and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern may be obtained in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

**No. 7214, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT FLOUNCE (15 cents).**—Size sixteen, shorter skirt length, requires three and one-half yards forty-inch satin, three yards fifteen and three-fourth-inch flouncing and three-fourths yard thirty-six-inch allover. Dress, three yards wide. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

**No. 7208, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE; TWO-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS, GAUGED OR GATHERED, OR WITH TUNIC AND YOKE FOUNDATION WITH OR WITHOUT HIP HOOP (15 cents).**—Size sixteen, longer skirt length, requires four and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material, three-fourths yard same width net for sleeves and yokes, and one and one-fourth yards nine-inch flouncing. Dress, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

**No. 6428, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; STRAIGHT SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED, IN TWO LENGTHS; WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT GATHERED FLOUNCE (15 cents).**—Suited to batiste, voile and like materials. Size sixteen, longer length, requires two and three-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net, three-eighths yard eighteen-inch allover for yoke and eight and three-fourth yards ribbon. Dress, two and one-half yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



7183-7181

Awnning striped linens, piqués, cotton reps and similar materials, are much favored for tub skirts and for sports costumes.

**No. 7189, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).**—Very trim and desirable for the neat appearance it gives, is this model suited to serge, linen, or a novelty cotton. Is appropriate for business or morning wear. Size thirty-six, forty-two-inch skirt length, requires five and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material with one-half yard forty-inch contrasting for collar. Dress, three and three-eighth yards wide. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.

**No. 7183, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—A most appropriate design for the airy summer fabrics which are so becoming, is illustrated here. Size thirty-six requires two and three-eighth yards forty-inch voile. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

**No. 7181, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE; OPENING FRONT OR BACK; FLOUNCE IN TWO STYLES (15 cents).**—For sports wear there is nothing quite so attractive as the broad striped, and large checked novelty fabrics which seem especially designed for this purpose this season. Size twenty-six requires one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material with one and one-fourth yards fifty-inch contrasting for flounce. Skirt, three yards wide. Pattern in eight sizes; twenty-two to thirty-six waist.



7189



7183-7181

## SIMPLE MORNING AND AFTERNOON COSTUMES

**N**O. 7167, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE OR WAIST; TWO STYLES OF BACK (15 cents).—This is an excellent design for crépe Georgette and taffeta for afternoon wear and is particularly becoming to the young woman. Made of one material, size thirty-six requires three and three-fourth yards thirty-six inches wide. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

**No. 6825, LADIES' SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER (15 cents).**—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires three and five-eighth yards forty-inch material. Skirt, two and seven-eighth yards wide. Six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

**COSTUME NOS. 7167-6825,** medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires two and seven-eighth yards forty-inch embroidered material, and three and three-fourth yards same width plain.

**No. 7221, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH FRONT PANEL (15 cents).**—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires four and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material, three-eighths yard forty-inch all-over, three-eighths yard eighteen-inch for collar. Dress, three and one-fourth yards wide. In eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.



**No. 6661, LADIES' WAIST, SMOCKED OR GATHERED; ADJUSTABLE OR QUAKER COLLAR (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking (10 cents).**—Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

**No. 7193, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires three and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch corduroy. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. In seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.



## SUGGESTIONS FOR USE OF STRIPED FABRICS



7177-7187  
Transfer Design No. 323  
for scallops

No. 7177, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 323 (10 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards thirty-inch material. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 7187, LADIES' YOKE SKIRT (15 cents). Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires two and seven-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.



7177-7187

STRIPED taffeta and faille are in demand for separate skirts, to be worn with blouses of net, Georgette, or organdy for afternoons. The one-piece frock of serge or linen is favored for the street.

No. 7169, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This model is suitable for serge, faille or linen. Size thirty-six, instep length, requires four and three-fourth yards fifty-inch linen, with five-eighths yard same width for collar and cuffs. Dress, four and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.



7169

No. 7191, LADIES' MIDDY BLOUSE (15 cents).—Blouse opening in front as shown in smaller view, size thirty-six requires two and one-fourth yards forty-five-inch material with one and one-fourth yards twenty-seven-inch contrasting. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

COSTUME Nos. 7191-7187, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires three and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch striped and two and one-fourth yards same width plain material.



Awning-Striped  
Middy-Blouse  
Costume

7191-7187

7191

7169

# FASHION STILL FAVORS THE JUMPER

A Practical House Dress, a Jumper and a Novel Separate Skirt

**N**O. 6997, LADIES' ONE-PIECE HOUSE DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE (15 cents).—This model may be made of various materials according to the individual ideas. Chambray, percale, one of the checked voiles, linen, or gingham is suitable for its development. Size thirty-six, instep length, requires four and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material, with one and one-eighth yards twenty-seven-inch contrasting for belt, collar, cuffs and pocket laps. Dress, three yards wide. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.

No. 7067, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This model is suitable for summer wear. Satin or taffeta, and voile make an attractive combination, or perhaps net, and one of the wash fabrics. Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighth yards forty-four-inch material for jumper and skirt, one and one-fourth yards forty-inch for guimpe, and three-eighths yard eighteen-inch for collar. Dress, two and seven-eighth yards wide. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.



7067  
Jumper Model After Poiret



6997



7067

6711-7199



6711-7199

No. 6711, LADIES' WAIST; WITH OR WITHOUT VEST (15 cents).—A charming waist may be developed in dotted net or voile. Size thirty-six requires one and one-fourth yards forty-inch for waist, one yard thirty-inch contrasting. Seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 7199, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—A pretty model for sports wear, combined with different blouses. Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires two and five-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, two and three-fourth yards wide. Pattern may be obtained in eight sizes; twenty-two to thirty-six waist.

# SIMPLE DAYTIME DRESSES FOR SUMMER



6941-6811



6881



7205-7222



6941-6811

**N**O. 6941, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents).—Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta or satin is suitable for this design, in its various possibilities. Size thirty-six, as illustrated, requires two and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-four to forty-two bust.

No. 6811, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH YOKE (15 cents). Suitable for sports wear, or for the business girl. Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires three and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

No. 6881, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is pretty for one of the soft summer silks, or voiles, attractively striped or figured. Net may be used for the vest and collar. Size thirty-six, forty-two-inch skirt length, requires four yards forty-four-inch material with one-half yard thirty-inch contrasting for vest and collar. Dress, three yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

**NO. 7205, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—Waist made of one material as shown in smaller view, size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards thirty-six inches wide. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-four to forty-eight bust.

**NO. 7222, LADIES' SKIRT; WITH OR WITHOUT APRON (15 cents).**—Made of one material with apron, as shown in smaller view, size twenty-six requires six and five-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

**COSTUME Nos. 7205-7222.**—As illustrated, costume is developed in one of the patterned voiles, with taffeta collar, vest and girdle. For the frock which must be tubbed frequently, wash satin may be used instead of the taffeta. Medium size requires six and five-eighth yards of forty-inch material, one-fourth yard thirty-six-inch silk for girdle, five-eighths yard forty-inch for vest and collar and one and seven-eighths yards insertion.



6881

7205-7222

# INTERESTING JUMPER FROCKS AND MIDDYS



**N**O. 7220, MISSES' RAGLAN SMOCK MIDDLE (10 cents), Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking (10 cents).—Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7166, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—In four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

COSTUME NOS. 7220-7166, size fourteen, requires two and one-fourth yards fifty-four-inch material and one and three-fourth yards same for middy.

No. 6720, MISSES' AND GIRL'S MILITARY MIDDLE (10 cents).—In seven sizes; eight to twenty years.

No. 7040, GIRL'S BOX-PLEATED AND THREE-PIECE SKIRT (10 cents).—Six sizes; four to fourteen years.

COSTUME NOS. 6720-7040, size twelve, requires four yards forty-four-inch material.



No. 6578, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Size eight requires two and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch plaid, one and one-fourth yards forty-inch plain, one yard three-inch ribbon. Five sizes; six to fourteen years.

No. 7224, MISSES' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER (15 cents).—Excellent model for serge, tweed and similar materials, with guimpe of voile or lawn. Dress, two and seven-eighth yards wide. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 7202, MISSES' COAT SUIT; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



# NEW DESIGNS FOR MISSES AND JUNIORS

**N**O. 7206, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Medium size, longer skirt length, requires three and three-eighth yards forty-inch material for skirt, three and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch for coat, and one and one-eighth yards same width contrasting. Dress, three yards wide. Pattern in three sizes; small, fourteen or fifteen; medium, sixteen or seventeen; large, eighteen or twenty years.

**No. 7182, MISSES' DRESS;**  
SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Size sixteen, longer skirt length, requires seven and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, with one and three-eighth yards twenty-two-inch contrasting. Dress, four and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

6978  
Transfer Design No. 737

**No. 6484, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS (15 cents).**—This is a pretty dress for embroidery or lace flouncing. Size eight requires one and seven-eighth yards twenty-three-inch flouncing for skirt, one yard twelve-inch for sleeves and one-half yard forty-inch material for waist. Five sizes; six to fourteen years.

**No. 6078, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 737 (10 cents).**—Linen is suitable for this model. Size eight requires two and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, with one and one-eighth yards same width embroidery for waist. In five sizes; four to twelve years.

**No. 7024, GIRL'S DRESS; STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT, WITH OR WITHOUT BAND (15 cents).**—Size eight requires one and five-eighth yards each of thirty-six-inch plain and figured material, and one-half yard twenty-seven-inch contrasting. In six sizes; four to fourteen years.





## DESIGNS FOR LINEN AND SUMMER COTTONS

For other views and descriptions, see page 47

# DETAILS OF DESIGNS ON CHILDREN'S PAGES

## Illustrating Other Interesting Possibilities of Each Pattern



Transfer Design No. 632  
for scallops



7188



7176



7168



7180



7174



7196

**No. 7178, GIRL'S DRESS; CENTER-FRONT CLOSING OR TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD (15 cents).**—This is an exceedingly pretty model for the little girl. Size eight requires two and one-fourth yards fifty-four-inch material with one-half yard thirty-six-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Pattern in five sizes; four to twelve years.

**No. 7204, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; BLOUSE CLOSING CENTER-FRONT OR TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD (15 cents).**—Duck or linen is suitable for this dainty dress. Size eight requires two and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material for middy and one yard forty-five-inch for skirt. Pattern in six sizes; four to fourteen years.

**No. 7186, CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).**—This design may be developed in a plain voile, using a prettily checked voile for guimpe. Size four requires one and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, one and one-eighth same width for guimpe. Four sizes; two to eight years.

**No. 7172, CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).**—Serge is suitable for this design, with guimpe of crêpe de Chine. Size four requires one and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material with three-fourths yard forty-inch for guimpe. Pattern in five sizes; two to ten years.

**No. 7184, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).**—Plaid voile would be very effective for this little dress. Size eight requires two and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch plaid, and one and one-eighth yards same width plain. Pattern in five sizes; six to fourteen years.

**No. 6998, BOY'S SUIT; WITH OR WITHOUT SHIELD (15 cents).**—This is an exceedingly attractive suit. It may be developed in linen or serge. Size four requires two yards thirty-six-inch material with one yard twenty-two-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt. Pattern in four sizes; two to eight years.

**No. 7108, BOY'S SUIT; KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS, WITH OR WITHOUT SUSPENDERS (15 cents).**—Size four, as illustrated, requires one and one-half yards twenty-seven-inch material for trousers with suspenders, and seven-eighths yard thirty-six-inch for blouse. Pattern in four sizes; two to eight years.

**No. 6430, CHILD'S ONE- OR TWO-PIECE DRESS; OPENING AT CENTER-BACK OR ON SHOULDER (10 cents), Transfer Designs No. 632 for Scallop; No. 749 for Hat and No. 750 for Dress (10 cents each).**—Size two, as illustrated, requires one and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in five sizes; six months, one, two, four and six years.

**No. 7188, CHILD'S APRON DRESS WITH UNDERSLIP (15 cents).**—Size six requires one and three-fourth yards forty-four-inch material for apron dress, one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch for underslip, and one and one-half yards edging. In four sizes; two to eight years.

**No. 7176, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).**—Two figures are illustrated here, showing the knickerbocker trousers and the knee trousers with the blouse made in different ways. Lower figure, size four, requires three-fourths yard forty-inch material for trousers and three-fourths yard thirty-six-inch for blouse. Upper figure, size four, requires one yard thirty-six-inch material with three-fourths yard forty-inch for blouse. Pattern in three sizes; two to six years.

**No. 7168, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).**—An attractive striped linen would be suitable for this little suit. Size four requires one and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material, with three-fourths yard twenty-seven-inch contrasting. Pattern in four sizes; two to eight years.

**No. 7180, CHILD'S DRESS; WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE (10 cents).**—Size two requires two yards twenty-four-inch flouncing for dress and three-fourths yard nine-inch flouncing for sleeves. Pattern in six sizes; six months to eight years.

**No. 7174, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).**—Size ten requires one and one-half yards forty-inch material for lower skirt, one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch for waist, sleeves and collar, two and one-eighth yards insertion and three and three-eighth yards edging. Pattern in five sizes; six to fourteen years.

**No. 7196, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).**—Size twelve requires three and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch plaid material, one and one-eighth yards forty-inch for guimpe, and one-half yard twenty-seven-inch embroidery for collar and cuffs. Pattern in five sizes; four to twelve years.



7178



7204



7186



7172



7184



6998



7198



For other views and descriptions, see page 47

# SUMMER WARDROBE SUGGESTIONS

## Cool Negligees and Underwear—The Short Hoop Skirt



7173



7175

**N**O. 7173, LADIES' KIMONO OR NEGLIGEE WITH OR WITHOUT BOLERO JACKET (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 423 for Spray and No. 607 for Scallop (10 cents each).—Size thirty-six requires four and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material with bolero, seven-eighths yard same width lining for waist, one and three-fourth yards wide lace, and five yards narrow. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

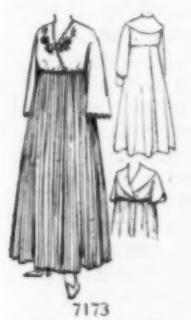
**N**O. 7175, LADIES' NIGHT-GOWN; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 448 (10 cents).—Size thirty-six requires three and one-eighth yards forty-five-inch material, and two yards fifteen-inch flouncing. Width, two and one-half yards. Nine sizes; thirty-four to fifty bust.



7170



7201

7175  
Transfer Design No. 448  
for feather-stitching7173  
Transfer Designs Nos.  
607 and 423

**N**O. 7170, LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE (10 cents), Transfer Design No. 607 (10 cents).—Medium size requires two and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, five and three-eighth yards lace, and one and one-fourth yards beading. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-two or thirty-four; medium, thirty-six or thirty-eight; large, forty or forty-two bust.

**N**O. 7201, LADIES' BREAKFAST SET (BLOUSE, SKIRT AND CAP); BLOUSE TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD OR CENTER-FRONT CLOSING; THREE-PIECE SKIRT; ONE-PIECE CAP (15 cents).—Medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires six yards thirty-six-inch material, with one and one-eighth yards thirty-one-inch cretonne for belt, cap and facings. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-four or thirty-six; medium, thirty-eight or forty; large, forty-two or forty-four bust.

**N**O. 7200, MISSES' AND GIRLS' KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS; PLAIN OR GATHERED AT WAIST (10 cents).—Size sixteen, plain, requires one and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material, one and one-eighth yards beading, and one and five-eighth yards edging. Gathered, requires one and three-eighth yards 36-inch. In nine sizes; four to twenty years.

**N**O. 7190, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS AND BELTS; BELTS CORRESPONDING TO 24 TO 26 AND 28 TO 30 INCHES WAIST MEASURE (10 cents).—Material required given on pattern envelope. In two sizes; ladies' and misses'.

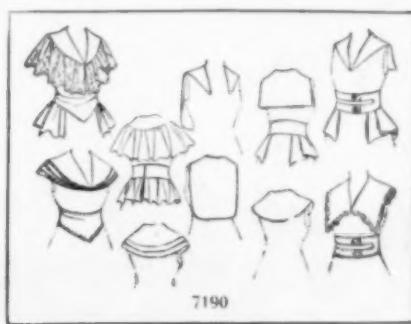
**N**O. 7210, LADIES' AND MISSES' SHORT HOOP SKIRT; CIRCULAR OR GATHERED; WORN UNDER DRESSES TO GIVE THE NEW SILHOUETTE (10 cents).—Made of flouncing, medium size, requires one and five-eighth yards eighteen inches wide with one and five-eighth yards ribbon. Made circular, requires seven-eighths yard thirty-six-inch plain material, and gathered requires one yard same width. Three sizes; small, twenty-two or twenty-four; medium, twenty-six or twenty-eight; large, thirty or thirty-two waist.

7170  
Transfer Design No. 607  
for scallop

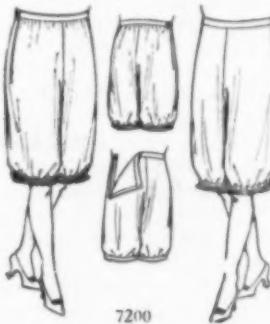
7201



7210—The New Hip-Hoop



7190



7200

# SOME SUMMER NEEDLEWORK

EASY TO START, QUICK TO FINISH, AND A JOY TO POSSESS

By HELEN THOMAS

745—Design for large Oval Centerpiece, 28 by 19½ inches. The embroidery should be done with a single thread of stranded cotton, the dots being worked in eyelet-stitch, the stems in outline-, leaves in satin-stitch, and the flower centers in French knots. The flower petals may be worked either in satin- or seed-stitch. The scallops should be buttonholed. No padding is necessary. This matches Design 746 for Two Oval Centerpieces, which measure 18½ by 11 inches and 13½ by 9½ inches. Full embroidery directions are given with pattern. This is beautiful for the fine embroidery so popular in table linen.

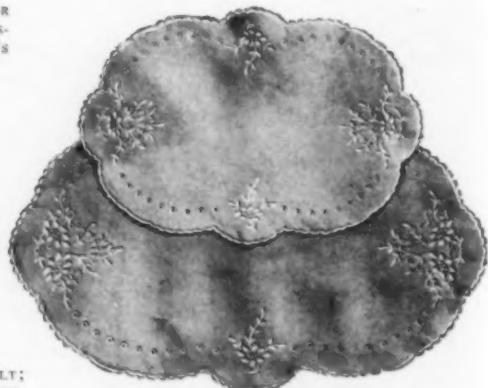


749—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S CAP; 750—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CHILD'S DRESS, 10 CENTS EACH



745—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

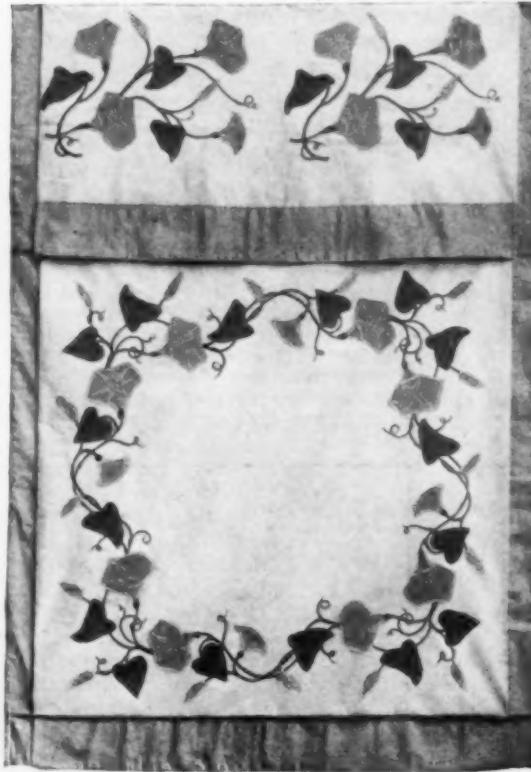
747—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR QUILT;  
748—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BOLSTER-COVER, 10 CENTS EACH



740—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

747—Appliquéd or Patch-Work Design of Morning Glories for Quilts, Bed Spreads, etc. Measures about 35 inches square. This matches Design 748 for Pillows, Bolster-Cover, or Scarf. This new work is wonderfully effective with green leaves, pink, light blue, purple, and lavender morning glories, cut from chambray and either hemmed or buttonholed on unbleached muslin. The flowers and leaves should be embroidered in outline-stitch, and stems in outline- or satin-stitch. Pattern gives entire design, also extra design for cutting applied flowers, leaves, and buds, and full directions.

748—Appliquéd or Patch-Work Design for Pillows, Bolster-Cover or Scarf Ends. The pattern gives two designs, 17½ inches long by 11½ inches deep. These match Morning Glory Design 747 for Quilt or Bed Spread. Full embroidery directions are given with the pattern.



746—Design for Oval Centerpieces, or for Platter Doilies. The large centerpiece measures 18½ by 11 inches, and the small one, 13½ by 9½ inches. For the embroidery, use a single thread of stranded cotton, working the dots in eyelet-stitch, stems in outline-stitch, leaves in satin-stitch, flower centers in French knots. These designs match Oval Centerpiece No. 745, which measures 28 by 19½ inches. Pattern gives full embroidery directions.

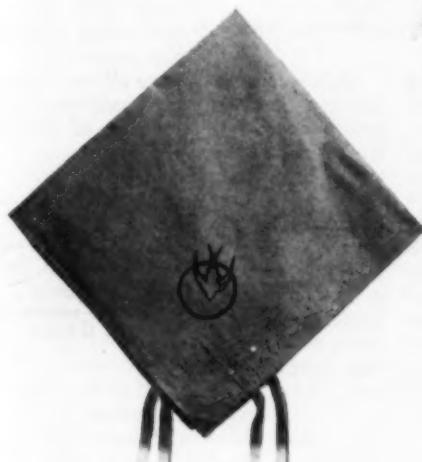
*Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer pattern at McCall pattern agencies, or postpaid from The McCall Company, 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Miss Thomas will answer embroidery questions, if stamp is enclosed. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives designs, and lessons on stitches. In U. S., with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.*

# NEW AND EFFECTIVE DESIGNS

DAINTY EMBROIDERY FOR OBJECTS BOTH FANCIFUL AND PRACTICAL

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10558—Card-Table Cover, 42 by 42 inches. To be worked in basket-stitch, satin-stitch and French knots. Stamped on good quality limon (one corner only), including colored embroidery cotton to work and tape for edges, 50 cents; on white limon, with embroidery silk and tape, 55 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. On cream linen, with embroidery cotton to work and tape for edges, \$1.00; with embroidery silk and tape, \$1.10—free for five 50-cent subscriptions. The bluebird design used is extremely popular and very quickly embroidered.



10558—CARD-TABLE COVER

10557—Baby's Long Slip. Stamped on fine nainsook or batiste, with embroidery cotton to work, 60 cents; with embroidery silk to work, 75 cents—free for three 50-cent subscriptions. On fine white linen, with embroidery cotton to work, \$1.25; with embroidery silk, \$1.35—free for six 50-cent subscriptions.

10555—Collar, stamped on batiste or organdy, with cotton to work, 25 cents; with silk, 40 cents; on white linen, with embroidery cotton, 35 cents; with silk, 50 cents. Free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

10559—Pincushion Top for Imitation Punch Work, Darning- and Solid-stitch. On linen, with colored and white cotton to work, 25 cents; with silk, 40 cents. 1 1/4 yards of lace, 20 cents extra. All free for three 50-cent subscriptions.



10557—BABY'S LONG SLIP



10555—EMBROIDERED COLLAR



10559—PINCUSHION TOP



10554—ATTRACTIVE PILLOW-COVER IN THE NEW EMBROIDERY

10556—Child's Sunbonnet of an extremely becoming shape. Dainty design to be worked in solid embroidery with edge buttonholed. Design stamped on fine lawn, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 35 cents; with embroidery silk to work, 50 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. On fine white linen, including embroidery cotton to work, 55 cents; including embroidery silk, 70 cents—free for three 50-cent subscriptions. This can be finished with dainty ribbon, if desired, and is very easy to embroider and make.



10556—CHILD'S SUNBONNET

10554—Pillow-Cover (See lesson, page 52). Stamped and tinted in black on white crash with back of same material, and cotton floss to outline, 40 cents; with silk, 55 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. On oyster white linen with back of same material and cotton floss to work, 65 cents; with silk, 80 cents—free for four 50-cent subscriptions. Lace for edges, 25 cents extra.

*Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on this page, including stamping directions and preparation, 10 cents, from The McCall Co. Stamped material furnished. Not carried by Agencies. Miss Sterling will answer embroidery questions if a stamped envelope is enclosed. New Fancy-Work Book, with lessons on stitches and illustrated designs, for 2-cent stamp. Postage prepaid on all articles.*



## June Brides and Berries

Brides and berries come in June—but no matter when they come there is Shredded Wheat Biscuit to welcome them with health, contentment and happy days. In all the joys of June there is nothing to compare with

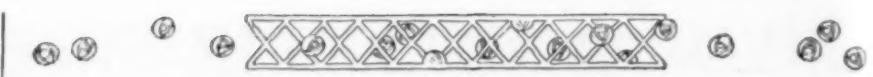
## Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Strawberries

a combination that is deliciously wholesome and nourishing and is easily and quickly prepared. All the goodness of the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Each little loaf of baked whole wheat is a good meal in itself, containing all the strength-giving nutriment needed for a half day's work.

**Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; cover with strawberries prepared as for ordinary serving; pour over them cream or milk and sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying with any kind of berries, or fresh fruits.**

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.**



## QUEEN MAY AND FILET STITCHES

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 31

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

ONE of the most popular fancies in needlework at present is the combination, in black and white, of Queen May embroidery with the imitates filet crochet.

To work the Queen May stitch, fasten your thread on the back of your material, on the extreme left side of the design to be worked. Bring the point of your needle out at a point which is to be the base of the first row of vertical lines that form the sides of the six-sided figures. Put your needle in at the top of this vertical line, thus forming one side of a figure, and bring the point out again at the base of the second vertical line; continue this, going from the left side of the design across to the

right side, in the same fashion, and then turn your work upside down and work the second row of vertical lines in the same way. Continue as you did the first row, turning your work at the end of each row of vertical lines, until all your vertical lines in this part of the embroidery are completed, before starting the horizontal lines.

Next, fasten your thread on the back of your material, at the left of the first horizontal line, bring the point of your needle out at the end of the horizontal line, and insert it under the second row of vertical stitches, at the base of the first vertical line on this row. Then weave under the first row of vertical stitches, at the top of the vertical line which forms the first row of stitches. In this way you connect the six-sided figures together, as, of course, the bottom of one figure forms the top of another. Be careful not to catch up the background material while weaving the horizontal lines. When you get to the

end of the first line, insert your needle in your material and go to the second horizontal line, and so on until you have finished the design.

To work the imitation filet crochet, lay a straight thread across each entire line in the design which you are to work, and fasten the thread at the end of this line, at the back of your material. After you have laid all your vertical threads in this fashion, turn your work and lay your horizontal threads in the same way.

After your lines have all been covered, you will find that the threads require fastening at each intersection of the lines. To make the work firm, tack down each corner of each little square—that is, all intersections—with a very small cross-stitch, using a fine sewing thread, the same color as your embroidery thread.

When you have learned to do both the Queen May and the filet crochet stitches in regular figures, you will be ready to apply them to some ornamental piece of fancy work, such as a sofa pillow. (See Design 10554, page 51.)

An attractive design for a pillow-cover of white material has a center of Queen May embroidery surrounded by a wide border of filet crochet embroidery, done in white thread on a black-tinted ground.

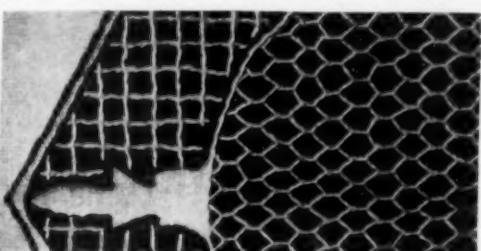


FIG. 4—DETAIL OF PILLOW-COVER, DESIGN NO. 10554

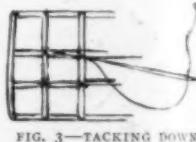


FIG. 3—TACKING DOWN THE INTERSECTIONS

**Editor's Note.**—Pillow-Cover No. 10554, may be had stamped and tinted in black on white crash, with back of same material, and cotton floss, for 40 cents; with silk, 55 cents; on oyster white linen, with back of same material and embroidery cotton, 65 cents; with silk, 80 cents. Lace for edges, 25 cents extra. Perforated pattern with stamping materials, 10 cents. Questions regarding the Queen May or filet crochet embroidery or any of the articles illustrated on page 51 will be answered by Miss Sterling if a stamp is enclosed.

# MY MADE-OVER FURNITURE

WHAT THE LURE OF A PAINT-BRUSH TAUGHT ME

By LOUISE E. DEW

ONE of the painters left the brush when he finished his work on the white room. From the moment I first espied it on the window ledge, I was seized with a wild desire to wield it myself. I would have done so on the spot had there been paint. It was well there was not, for I had many things to learn before I could paint scientifically.

My lovely east chamber looked so immaculate in its new robes of white that I disliked the idea of placing furniture in it that was not also white; but there was no white furniture in the house, and to buy the expensive enameled furniture was out of the question. But there was the paint-brush—and again its lure was upon me!

All the furniture in the house that was not antique mahogany I inspected, and such as I considered suitable

for painting and possible use in the white room was set aside in an empty storeroom. There was an ugly oak dresser, a chiffonier to match a hickory bookcase that had seen its best days, a pine table, two straight-backed chairs, and two rocking-chairs. Nothing could have been less promising for my project than these pieces, but I decided that they would do to commence on.

I BOUGHT a can of varnish remover, two cans of inside white paint already mixed, and two cans of Roman enamel. The first step in repainting furniture, I was informed, was to remove all the varnish and paint—"a very simple process," my adviser assured me. However, I did not find the task as easy as it had been represented. It required time, muscle, and a large amount of patience.

I first painted all the furniture with the varnish remover and allowed this to remain on overnight. According to the printed directions, this should have loosened all the paint and removed it without any particular effort on my part. It did

loosen the varnish and, no doubt, made the task of removing the paint much less difficult than it would otherwise have been, but I found the use of sandpaper and a scraping-knife necessary. Where the paint adhered stubbornly in spots, I painted it a second time with the remover, and allowed the latter to remain for a couple of hours until the wood was thoroughly saturated with the liquid. The paint then peeled off, except in small spots, and the sandpaper was used to remove these remaining portions.

The two splint-bottomed rocking-chairs, which, though purchased for ninety-eight cents each, are really built on good lines, were easier to manage than the rest of the furniture, as I simply stained them with a thin coat of varnish. One application of the remover, followed by a few hours of patient waiting, made a change in the rather yellowish complexion of the other chairs. The varnish rolled off under

the sandpaper, leaving very presentable white wood chairs. If one is buying cheap furniture to paint white, it is well to purchase such as is varnished very lightly or not at all, as is the case with willow, rattan, and furniture that is sold for pyrography.

There are any number of good pieces for sale in the burnt-wood outfitting departments, at a reasonable price, such as chairs, bathroom cabinets, mirrors, etc.

Book-case, dresser, chiffonier, table, and a disreputable old mirror with a good glass, were all treated in the same fashion. As they were not only varnished, but painted in a distressingly ugly oak finish, it was not easy to get down to the true wood. When at last it was reached, this proved to be pine. Three applications of the remover were necessary to ascertain this, however, after which the sandpaper and an ordinary old silver knife accomplished the rest.

I lay emphasis on the silver knife. Its dull edge at no time nicked the wood, but glided over the surface, removing the

[Continued on page 54]



THE SHAKING OF THE CAN VIGOROUSLY, THEN THE DIPPING OF MY BRUSH INTO IT, COMPRISED MY INITIATION INTO THE SOCIETY OF AMATEUR PAINTERS



## The Drink for Little Folks

It is well-known that tea and coffee are harmful to children, but they crave a hot, invigorating drink at table, just like older folks, and they should have it.

Both tea and coffee contain "caffeine," a drug which physicians and food experts say retards body development and hinders mental progress.

## Instant Postum

is the ideal table beverage for children.

Delicious as any mild Java coffee, Postum has a similar tang and flavor, but is absolutely free from any drug or harmful substance.

This delicious, pure food-drink is made of whole wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, and blended just like coffee.

Postum is wonderfully attractive to children and brings satisfaction and happiness to everyone at table, including older folks who want to keep youthful health and spirit.

**"There's a Reason"**  
for

# POSTUM

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



## *When the baby can't sleep*

It's in the long peaceful hours of sleep that your baby grows. When he can't sleep something is wrong. He may be nervous from too much playing—he may be too warm or too cold—something may be hurting him. But most likely of all—his food is wrong.

Perhaps his little system is desperately struggling with the heavy curd and the germs of cow's milk. Cow's milk is meant for the four big stomachs of a calf—not the one tiny stomach of your baby.

The baby will sleep as he should and grow as he should if you give him the food he needs. Nurse him if you can. If you can't, give him the nearest thing to mother's milk,

## Nestlé's Food

(A complete food—not a milk modifier)

Because it has fresh cow's milk as a basis, it contains all the good that cow's milk contains.

Because all the dangers are removed, the tough curd modified and other baby needs added, it is just what your baby needs to build a healthy body.

Because it is made scientifically—and reduced to a powder—because no hand touches it and it comes to you in an airtight can—because you add only water and boil—it is as free from germs as mother's milk itself.

Remember, it is raw cow's milk that so often brings germs of scarlet fever, diphtheria and summer complaint to babies. Keep those deadly germs away from your baby. Keep him safe on Nestlé's.

Send the coupon for free sample box of Nestlé's—enough for 12 feedings—and the Specialist's book on the care of babies. Don't delay. Your baby's health depends on the food you give him now.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

231 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## MY MADE-OVER FURNITURE

[Continued from page 53]

paint like magic, and leaving the smooth, light wood underneath.

By this time I had become so interested in my work that my fingers ached to proceed. However, it was late Saturday night, and one cannot use varnish remover in a room where there is gas, as the liquid is inflammable—a point to be remembered.

The same big, light room served for the painting bee, and another member of the family was pressed into service. As I knew that it would require several days for the numerous coats of paint to dry, and that the odor would be neither healthful nor agreeable, I stopped the keyhole and placed a rug at the bottom of the door, to prevent the odor from permeating the house. I then threw open the window, top and bottom, so we might inhale fresh air, instead of paint. It was not warm weather, so I donned a cap and sweater. A huge apron completed my costume for the occasion. As the paint comes already prepared, no other preliminaries were necessary.

The shaking of the can vigorously before opening it, and then the dipping of my brush into it, comprised my initiation into the Society of Amateurs Painters, the membership of which, I have since learned, is legion.

When all the furniture had received its first coat of paint, I still left the window open, removed the rug from the door, walked out, stopped the keyhole from the outside also, and placed the rug at the bottom of the door. In this way, we were spared any annoyance from the smell of paint.

In the morning the furniture was thoroughly dry, and ready for the second coat. This was applied even more carefully than the first, to avoid streaking. I found that by shaking the can of paint occasionally, and thinning it with turpentine, the coat went on more smoothly. Some pieces of furniture required a third coat before the enamel was applied. By the time the enamel coat had dried thoroughly, the furniture was beautiful to behold.

A lovely chintz, with a wild-rose design, was chosen for making cushions for the chairs and pads for their backs. The chair-cushions, as well as the pads, were tufted, or caught down at regular intervals and secured with buttons of chintz. The latter were made from button molds and circular bits of chintz, which were easy to manipulate. For the white table, I had a piece of glass cut the exact size of the top. Under this glass I placed a chintz pad. The latter was made as follows:

I cut a large piece of cardboard the exact size of the table, and secured the chintz to it. This may be done by gluing or sewing the chintz in place, and gluing a finishing braid on the edge. I prefer gluing it. I then made chintz corners for the glass table-top. These, too, were cut from cardboard and covered with chintz. They held the glass cover in place. This device made an artistic and sanitary writing table that harmonized with the room.

Chintz curtains to match were also made for the book-case, lined with unbleached muslin, and finished with a gimp to match the shade of the roses in the chintz.

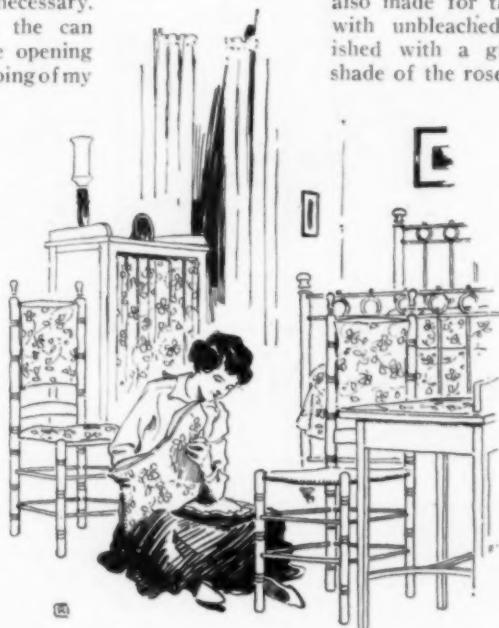
Before starting to paint the dresser and chiffonier, the disfiguring brass handles were removed, the screw holes were filled with putty, and by the time the finishing coat of enamel paint was applied, not a trace of them remained. Meantime, however, I had a dozen medium-sized wooden knobs turned by a cabinet maker,

and used these to replace the old brass mountings, before starting to paint the furniture.

THE white iron bedstead was also re-enamed, and a chintz cover made to match. Chintz bands were stitched entirely around the soft white cheese-cloth curtains which hung in graceful folds from small brass rods.

There was still room for a divan, a reading-table, and a large reading-chair

[Concluded on page 55]



A LOVELY CHINTZ WITH A WILD-ROSE DESIGN WAS CHOSEN FOR MAKING TUFTED CUSHIONS FOR THE CHAIRS

## MY MADE-OVER FURNITURE

[Continued from page 54]

in the big bay window. The lure of the paint-brush was still upon me! A visit to a furniture dealer resulted in the delivery of two luxurious chairs, with arms and high, sleepy-hollow backs, a circular reading-table, and a divan, all of willow in the natural color. I painted all of them three times—twice with the inside white paint, and lastly with the enamel. Chintz cushions and pads added greatly to the comfort and attractiveness of the chairs, while a deep mattress pad and pillows of chintz made the divan a delightful lounging spot.

For the center of the reading-table, I made a circular, glass, chintz-lined mat for the electrolier. A round glass from an old-fashioned picture-frame was utilized for the purpose. It gave the finishing touch to both the table and the room.

When the cushions and pads were on the chairs they could not have been duplicated in any shop for less than twenty-five dollars each, and this was true, also, of both divan and table. In painting the willow furniture, I found that it was necessary to thrust the brush with vicious little jabs into the interstices of the wood, to get good results.

So successful was my white room venture that I was eager to use the remainder of the paint instead of setting it away to dry. The white enameled nursery ice-box, the bread and cake boxes, and numerous other receptacles for flour, sugar, tea, coffee, etc., were treated, first, to a coat of inside white, and, after drying, were painted with enamel, and the gilt lettering, indicating the use of each receptacle, was gone over with fresh gilding.

Two other cheap sets of furniture were treated similarly, one being painted French gray, the other wood green. The gray furniture was for an elderly woman's room, the green for a man's. The Quaker

simplicity of the gray was relieved by the hangings and cushions of violet-and-pink chintz. The walls were hung in plain gray paper with a frieze of peacocks. The woodwork was painted gray. Violet candles in the old brass holders gave a lovely bit of color to the room.

THE green furniture pleased the Man immensely. The walls were hung in a plain, light-toned green paper, while the woodwork was painted green. One pair of hands did the entire painting, with the exception of the woodwork in the two rooms, which was done by painters.

Here are some of the things experience taught me about painting. To insure the surface of the wood having a rich, glossy whiteness, it is well to apply at least two coats of the inside paint before attempting to apply the enamel, taking care to let each coat dry thoroughly before applying the next. It is, by all means, the most economical plan to purchase these paints in quart cans, as any that is left over dries away in time.

After the can has been opened, the paint should be thoroughly stirred from the bottom with a stick that is long enough to reach a few inches above the can.

A flat brush about two inches wide is best for painting smooth surfaces, and a small, round brush about the size of one's thumb for the places difficult to reach.

It is well to commence painting a piece at some upper part and never to draw the brush over the partially dried surface.

One should not attempt to remedy defects until after a coat has dried. When the surface is bone-dry, you can undertake the second coat, and it is this which will fill up and smooth over the deficiencies that the first must necessarily leave to view.



THERE WAS STILL ROOM FOR A DIVAN, A READING-TABLE, AND A LARGE CHAIR IN THE BIG BAY WINDOW

# 86 ways to use California Lemons

## Have You

ever used lemon juice in place of vinegar as hundreds of thousands of housewives and the most famous chefs do today?

ever added it to the water in which you boil the more economical cuts of meat to better the flavor and make the meat more tender?

ever baked two halves of lemon with a fish to make the fish more pleasing to the palate?

ever tasted a dish flavored with "the witching drop of fresh lemon juice" that didn't taste better than dishes flavored with "extract"?

Thousands of housewives use lemons as above.

## How Do You Use Lemons?

We are going to compile a book called "The Most Useful Fruit" in which we will describe many household uses and print many recipes. Eighty-six uses have been suggested already. If you know some good uses or some tested recipes and want to contribute to this book, send us your suggestions. For your trouble we'll send you a copy of our beautiful orange-and-lemon recipe book, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts."

Lemons or lemon juice are used today, besides in a culinary way, as a cleaner for clothes, brass, glassware and silverware, and in diluted combinations as a mouth wash, a shampoo, a lotion for the hands and face, a bath perquisite, etc., etc. There is no other fruit that serves in so many varied ways. Are you missing their fullest possibilities?

# Sunkist

California's Selected  
Practically Seedless  
Lemons

Sunkist are juicy, full-flavored, tart, clean, firm, beautiful lemons. Dealers everywhere sell them at the same prices asked for ordinary kinds. You can be sure of getting the best if you say "Sunkist," and look for that name on the tissue wrapper.

Save the wrappers from oranges and lemons for beautiful silverware premiums.

**California Fruit Growers Exchange**  
Co-operative—Non-profit  
Eastern Headquarters: Dept. B-28, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago



## DRESS-UP-THE-KITCHEN-TOO

The kitchen is a woman's workshop, yet few kitchens reflect her natural aptitude for "fixing things up."

Acme Quality Finishes enable you to have a model kitchen abounding in wholesomeness, cleanliness and daintiness. The chairs and tables, the floor, linoleum, stove, cupboard and sink will all respond to a coating or two of

## ACME QUALITY PAINTS & FINISHES

Acme Quality Varno-Lac is a great tonic for worn wood-work. It varnishes as it stains, leaving lustrous newness in the wake of the brush. Acme Quality No-Lustre is the smooth, washable wall coating that rejuvenates any room.

Write for "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." They tell you *why* and show you *how*.

### ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS Dept. AF Detroit, Michigan

Boston	Toledo	Lincoln
Chicago	Nashville	St. Louis
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Keep always on hand at least a can each of **Acme Quality Varno-lac**, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; **Acme Quality White Enamel** for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; **Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel** for ranges, stoves, pipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching-up" jobs.



O HAVE AN ACME QUALITY SHELF

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

[Concluded from page 15]

them. When the last stanza was ended, a strong young voice in the rear of the room started the same tune with different words. Instantly, every youth and child in the place joined, and regardless of mispronunciation, the older folks came in, too. For the Icelandic National air and "America" are the same, and the words they sang were:

My Country, 'tis of Thee,  
Sweet Land of Liberty.

This play, which really wasn't much of a play, was called *A Farm-Home Scene in Iceland, Thirty Years Ago*. It had first been staged and presented in the Little Country Theater at Fargo by twenty students, all of Icelandic descent. This spectacular tribute to the land of their fathers by the young Icelanders sent a group of Russian-Americans into a corner with their heads together; and followed *The Russian Honeymoon*, a gorgeously costumed play with a beautiful bride and stalwart groom. Instantly, somebody saw the charm of depicting English country life in *A Cherry-Tree Farm*, a bright comedy.

Then a tall student rose up in meeting one day and said, "We are living now in North Dakota, U. S. A. Why not produce a play of our country, and make it our own part of our own country?" Applause greeted him, and came *The Prairie Wolf* written by a Fargo student, John Lange, and named for that menacing monster better known out that way as the "Rural Credit Problem." Twenty communities later asked permission to reproduce it.

All the plays which are first tried out at the Little Country Theatre are repeated and repeated again all over the state. Special attention is given at the college to plan properties which can be reproduced for a trifling expense.

One play, which one hundred and fifty people witnessed, was put on in summertime in the empty hay-loft of a large barn. The stage was fixed up with old barn-floor planks, and if they teetered a little now and then, nobody minded. There was a draw curtain of white cloth, and from fence-wire, ten barn lanterns were hung for border lights. The play called for outdoor scenery; so the background of the stage was flanked with tree branches. The seating problem was solved by resting planks on old boxes and saw-horses. A phonograph made a fine orchestra with no directing necessary except the shifting of records. No New York first-nighters were ever more enthusiastic in their reception, and calls for "Author" brought out a slender Fargo student.

As everybody knows, there is fun to be had when your neighbor is the leading-man, and little Annie Somebody, who was a little girl in pig-tails a year or two ago,

the leading lady. A drooping moustache on a pirate, made of black-yarn ravelings, gets applause quicker than the real thing; and as for costumes, the more ingenuity they show in utilizing whatever material is nearest at hand, the more popular they are. The whole family turns out to a home-talent play, and Mother, most of all, enjoys what she sees and hears. For mothers are—well, just plain mothers. When, last year, the Department of Agriculture began hunting for information which would help to make life pleasanter for the farmers' wives of the United States, and thousands of letters, written straight from aching hearts, poured in, it was not of the endless drudgery, the lack of labor-saving equipment, of which there was the most complaint. It was rather of social starvation, of "no place to go," "nothing amusing or instructive." And, pitifully, the records of insane asylums show an awful percentage of patients who have come from isolated farms.

Amenia, a little village in the eastern part of the state, has a Little Country Theater all its own. It is up one flight, over the grocery store, but there is room for one hundred and seventy-five seats, and standing room is at a premium. They have brown burlap screens for scenery, and drape them according to the play's demands.

They like Shakespeare in North Dakota, and *The Taming of the Shrew* and other of his plays have been acted. Matters are simplified by using the old English method of placards for scenery, and the audience look upon a stage set with posters which say "Tree," "Bench," "Moat," etc.

Elsa Olson and her brother John are not going to Chicago. Minna is getting pretty tired in the store, selling dress trimmings to fussy ladies. What she earns does not buy her the kind of food she had at home. It makes her homesick to hear of the "shows" out in North Dakota in which her brother and sister act. Elsa, who is years younger than she, is going to marry a young farmer who took part in a one-act comedy with her. He is making his acres yield money and owns an automobile. None of the men Minna has met in Chicago earn more than ten or twelve dollars a week, and they cannot marry and live in a city on that. The stuffy air in the movies gives Minna the headache, and she thinks being on the stage yourself must be a lot more fun than watching some other girl act. She has stopped spending for clothes the little money she has left in her pay envelope after room rent and restaurant bills are paid, and is saving it.

When she has enough for her ticket, she is going home.

## FOR BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS

[Continued from page 29]

see that you have creased four lines which cross in the center of the big square and extend to the corners, to the middle of the sides, and to points half way from each corner to the middle of each side.

Now set the base of your wire (see below) frame over the middle of the seventeen-inch square and draw a line on the paper around the base wire. From this line, measure for the width of the brim. Measure four inches front and back, four and one-quarter inches left and right, four and one-eighth inches on each of the other four lines. Draw for the edge of the brim a curved line which will connect these dots you have just made. To this paper sew the wire mold for the crown, which measures twenty-four inches at the base (to construct see directions given in April lesson). The front-to-back spoke measures fifteen inches altogether: three inches on side crown at the back, nine inches across the top, and three inches side crown at the front. The spoke from left to right measures three inches side crown on both sides and seven inches across the top. The other two spokes, which are alike, measure three inches on the side crown and eight inches across the top. After the spokes have been twisted around the eight equidistant dots (see April lesson) on the twenty-four-inch base wire, tie them in the middle of the top. Make them stand up in good line, then tie to the corners, which are three inches, each one, from the base wire, an oval wire measuring twenty-three inches around. After this twenty-three-inch brace wire is in place, tie three more brace wires (see April lesson) on top of the crown and three outside of the side-crown.

After the wire mold is sewed to the headline drawn on the paper square, you are ready to sew the horsehair braid. Baste the edge of the braid around the outside edge of the brim draft, then pin the rows of braid to the paper until the

brim draft is covered, then continue to pin the rows over the wire crown mold and finish in the middle of the top as you would for any other kind of braid hat. After the rows of braid are pinned in place, sew them with silk thread. Make neat invisible stitches, but do not catch the paper or the wires of the crown mold. Press the hat with an iron which is only a little warm. Before you take the basting stitches from the edge of the draft, fit a steel spring wire around the brim just inside of the edge of the braid. Cover this wire by winding one-inch wide ribbon over it, then pin the covered wire in place on the brim and sew it to the braid. Fit a piece of ordinary frame wire around the headsize line. Lap this wire two inches, tie the ends, then cover it with ribbon as you did the steel wire. Place this covered wire over the crown and sew it to the braid at the headsize. Take out the basting stitches and your hat will be in perfect shape with only two wires. The hat is trimmed with a bunch of small white ostrich tips placed on the brim to the right of the front. To the left of the back and on top of the brim is a small bow of the same ribbon with which the wires are covered. Two very long streamers of this ribbon hang from this bow and from the under side of the brim. As this same method is used in making all the transparent hats that show no spoke wires, be sure to keep this lesson. No matter what the vogue of the moment, transparent hats are always chic for one purpose or another.

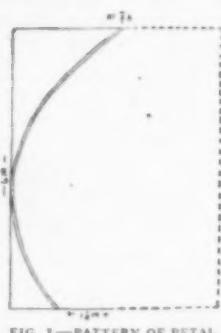


FIG. 1—PATTERN OF PETAL

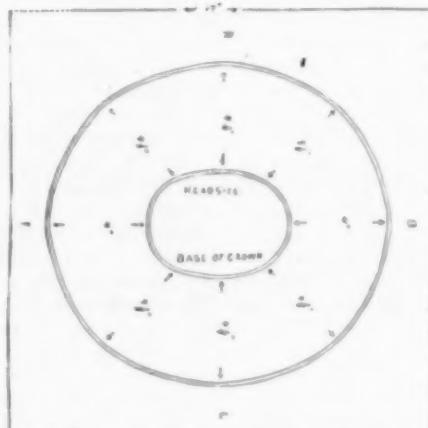
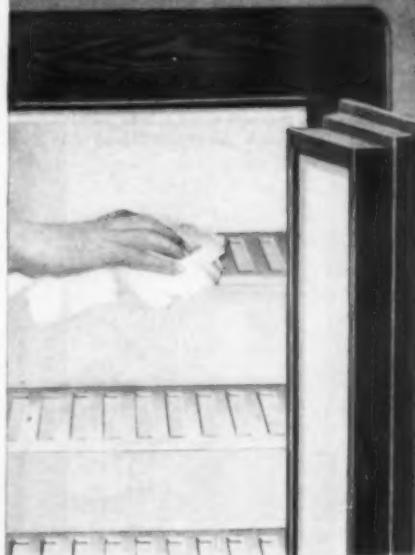


FIG. 2—PATTERN OF BRIM FOR BRIDESMAID'S LARGE HAT

*Editor's Note.*  
—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems—your last year's hat that has to be made over, or your new summer hat that will not look right—will be gladly answered by mail by Mrs. Tobey if stamped envelope is enclosed.

Your  
Refrigerator  
Will Always  
Be Sweet  
And  
Sanitary  
If You Use





### Makes white shoes white again!

ANY kind of white shoes—canvas, buckskin or kid—will look like new if you scrub away the grime and grass-stains with Bon Ami. I find that either the powder or the cake form of Bon Ami will do it equally well.

## Bon Ami

Don't use too much water; don't soak the shoes. On soft leathers don't use too hard a brush; use a soft brush or a cloth.

When the shoes are dry again you will be delighted to see how fresh and new they look.

People who clean their white shoes with Bon Ami always seem to be wearing new shoes.



## WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS, Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

A PASTE-BOARD card with the crudely printed words, "No Admission," tacked to the door of a factory, set me wondering how many people there might be who have trouble distinguishing between the words *admission* and *admittance*. The word *admittance* means primarily "entrance," and is mostly confined to the literal sense of allowing entrance to a locality or building. "No Admittance" is the proper sign to put on a factory door, or on a portion

of park reserved for repairs. The word *admission* has a broader meaning. It implies admitting to privileges, rights, membership, or standing; as, "admission (*not admittance*) to the best society," "admission (*not admittance*) to church," "admission (*not admittance*) to the club." It is used in reference to a building or locality only when the act of admitting includes enjoyment of certain privileges; as, "admission to the theater," "admission of an immigrant to the country." We should say, then, "The price of admission (*not admittance*) was one dollar." A burglar, for instance, might gain admittance to a prominent club by way of the window, but he could not gain admission, in the sense in which this word should be used.

Then, too, *compliment* and *complement* are sometimes confused. *Complement* means something that makes up a deficiency, and is often used in reference to two things that complete each other; as, "Norman refinement and flexibility are the complement, in our English language, of its Saxon homeliness and strength." The word *compliment*, like *admission*, has many uses on social occasions. It means a courteous expression of praise, and may be either sincere or not. When it is insincere and plays upon the recipient's vanity, it becomes *flattery*. When flattery, in turn, is carried to the extreme of servility, it becomes *adulation*. In the sentence, "Mr. Jones is a good complement to his quiet little wife, for he possesses just the qualities that she lacks," the word *complement* is correctly used. We often hear people say, "We don't like complements," when they really mean that they do not like compliments. In the case of these two words, carelessness of pronunciation often leads the speaker to say something entirely different from the thought in mind.

*Acceptance* and *acceptation* are somewhat similar. *Acceptance* is the act of

receiving, or accepting, and is used in connection with gifts, invitations, or offers of positions. *Acceptation*, on the other hand, is confined largely in present usage to "the sense in which a word is generally received." We should say, then, "We understand this word to be used in its ordinary acceptance" (*not acceptance*).

There are a number of words sometimes misused when people are speaking about social affairs. A good example is the word *expect*, which

many misuse for "suppose," "think," or "believe." You cannot expect something that has already happened, for the word means "to look forward to." The sentence, "I expect you enjoyed yourself at the party," should be, therefore, "I suppose you enjoyed yourself at the party." "I expect you had a good time" should be "I suppose you had a good time." But, if the party has not yet taken place, it is entirely correct to say, "I expect to have a good time," for that means that you "look forward to having a good time." The word *expect* is often confused with *suspect*, which means "to surmise." "I expect he is guilty" should be "I suspect he is guilty."

Then, there is the word *party*. This means a company of persons, or a person (or persons) in a legal transaction, and should not be applied to an individual except in this legal sense. To call John the "party in the silk hat" is a wrong use of *party*. "You have the wrong party"—an expression often used over the telephone—should really be "You have the wrong person," or "You have the wrong number." In reference to parties or social gatherings, it is just as well not to use the word *elegant*; as, "We had an elegant time at the party" for "We had a good time" or "We enjoyed ourselves very much." *Elegant*, properly used, denotes refinement and richness.

By the way, "very much pleased" is the correct American idiom. "Very pleased" is British in usage. "How?" which is a literal translation of a German idiom, should not be used as the equivalent of "What did you say?"

There are a few words often heard in conversation that it would be well to avoid. The crude word, "invite," for instance, in the sentence, "I have an invite for the theater," should not be used for *invitation*. "Date" is also inelegant in its use as equivalent of *engagement* or

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## STORY OF A CAPABLE WOMAN

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chickens I had cast, flopping, upon the grass to die!

But that night, sitting alone beside my window, I reviewed the events of the morning and reconsidered my sudden determination to transform myself into a piece of feminine bric-a-brac. The fact that there were selfish, incompetent women in the world, who went through life casting their burdens upon other shoulders, did not seem sufficient justification for me to follow their example. The more I considered this question, the more I scorned myself for yielding, even temporarily, to a weak impulse that prompted me thus to stimulate masculine fancy. Even though men did like the clinging type of girl, I argued, one need not degenerate into a simpleton. The masculine instinct to protect and comfort and help women over rough places was legitimate and beautiful. Suddenly, I caught a vision of the highest type of womanhood; the type that strives in every way to be worthy of these noble attributes of man. From that instant, I knew definitely just what sort of a girl I chose to be.

Up to the time I was eighteen my capabilities were requisitioned only for the less trying human experiences. After that, Life seemed to pull out the full diapason so that I might run the entire scale of human emotions—all because I had learned to clinch my fist and set my teeth and still the beating of my heart.

One summer, I was amazed and delighted to receive a letter from a well-to-do relative who lived in the fashionable suburb of a large city. She invited me to come at once and make her a fortnight's visit. I packed my simple gowns and set off in high spirits, anticipating two weeks of rare pleasure. My subconscious mind enthralled me with visions of gay parties, luncheons, teas, theaters. I remember that as soon as I was settled in the train, I closed my tired eyes and actually enjoyed the lump of self-commiseration that choked my throat. "Now," thought I, "my time has come!" I was happy because my conscience whispered to me that I had been unselfish, that the world was thoughtful after all, that my reward was coming. I fed hungrily upon my memory of a brief visit to this cousin once before. Maud was one of those beautiful, impractical, incompetent women who always fascinated me. She was blond and fluffy and as care-free as a lark. She never made an ungraceful move nor wore an unbecoming color nor allowed herself an inartistic background. She made an art of everything she did—even taking medicine. When this was necessary, a colored maid in cap and apron would approach her with a little silver tray upon which was an exquisite plate bearing a doily, a tiny glass

of water, and a pink tablet. One could never conceive of Maud taking a tablet that was brown or black.

When I arrived, instead of being admitted by a servant, Maud's voice, gay and welcoming, drifted down to me from the upper floor. "Come right up to my room, dear! You know the way. I'm crazy to see you!"

She arose from her dainty dressing-table, before which she had been sitting, with the fingers of one hand trailing in a cut-glass bowl of perfumed water and the other resting upon a cushion in front of a black-clad manicure. "You're a perfect love to come!" she exclaimed affectionately. She was ravishing in a pink silk negligée and tiny rosette-tipped pink satin slippers. I felt almost brutal in my severely tailored suit and plain little hat that had seemed so smart when I left home.

"We're going to have a perfectly lovely, picnicky time," Maud assured me when we were in my room alone. "I had to let Chloe go down home for two weeks to visit her sick mother. I thought it would be heavenly to have you here with me. We're not going to fuss with parties or anything like that, but just have a good quiet visit. You know I'm so helpless about housekeeping. I don't know how to cook a thing; besides, I can't stand the heat. But we won't worry about that; it's so comforting to me to know that you are so perfectly capable!"

For the next ten days, my beautiful cousin wheedled and coaxed and flattered me into doing the greater part of the housework. When it came to cooking and dish-washing, she made a showy pretense of bustling about getting things started, but at crucial moments, when the potatoes had to be mashed, the gravy made, or a roasting-pan scoured out, she had always just left for another—and cooler—part of the house!

The morning of the eleventh day a telegram came from home: "Aunt Abigail seriously ill come at once."

I left my cousin surrounded by quarts and quarts of unpitted cherries that she had intended canning. The luscious red cherries were heaped in white bowls and Maud was gowned in a leaf-green house-dress with a cluster of the fruit stuck artlessly into her hair. I am afraid I thought more about what her color-scheme would be two hours later than I did about poor Aunt Abigail's illness! I was so relieved at escaping from this vacation which I had anticipated with so many thrills that, for the moment, there was no room for any other feeling.

As I sped toward home, however, the significance of the telegram impressed me ominously. As dusk approached, and the

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## Mrs. Weary Changes Her Mind

Mrs. Weary is hanging out part of her washing just as her neighbor, Mrs. Wise, is taking in the last of hers. "My" says she, "is it possible your wash is all done? I'm only half through and I'm nearly dead."



"My dear," says Mrs. Wise, "I'm sure you don't do your washing *my way*—or I'd better say, the Fels-Naptha way. If you did, you could get through just as soon as I; cut out *all hard rubbing*—and see how white and clean my clothes are?"



"Now here's a cake of Fels-Naptha. If you'll follow my advice you'll use it for *all housework*. I couldn't get along and do all the work I have to do, and keep well and strong if I didn't have Fels-Naptha Soap to help me."

The next week Mrs. Weary and Mrs. Wise have a race. Mrs. Wise beats Mrs. Weary by only a few minutes in getting her clothes on the line. "Just think," says Mrs. Weary, "here I've saved *hours* of hard work and yet my clothes really look better than they did when I wore myself out to get them clean. Indeed I'll never be without Fels-Naptha Soap. It does all you said and more."

Fels-Naptha Soap will do the *hard part* of your work for you. It is a perfect combination of soap with naptha and other wonderful cleansers. For tiled floors, porcelain tubs, painted wood-work, fine china or pots and pans it has no equal. It's the every-day-in-the-week soap, for every soap-and-water task.



We want you to try Fels-Naptha Soap and will gladly mail you a sample if you will send name and address to Fels & Co., 7310 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



## A Daily Necessity For Children and Grown-ups

**S**MALL children are sure to receive trifling wounds at playtime. It is best to apply at once an antiseptic ointment which contains the cleansing properties of Boracic Acid and the soothing qualities of pure "Vaseline."

# Vaseline Borated

Petroleum Jelly

Every toilet and medicine chest should contain "Vaseline" Borated. It is helpful also for inflamed eyelids and any irritated membrane.

Sold in convenient tin tubes everywhere at drug and general stores. Accept no substitute.



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Harwood's Freckle Cream Guaranteed—Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried this cream we will send free a full size 50 cent jar and our Freckle book. Send 25¢ to pay wrapping and postage. Only one jar to a family.

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10¢ a tube. 25¢ a jar.

# STORY OF A CAPABLE WOMAN

[Continued from page 59]

towns and villages along the way became familiar, I began to tremble apprehensively. Up to that period of my life, there had been just two contingencies common to our existence that I felt could demand more than I, even in a supreme moment, could give. I believed that my moral courage would fail me if I were left alone with the dying, and that I could never, under any circumstances, assist with those mysterious ceremonies attendant upon death. The belief that an Understanding Providence would shield me from either of these ordeals had, up to that time, been a real comfort. As I neared home, this strange sense of guardianship deserted me. When I reached the house, nobody was on the porch or at the door. There was not a sound on the lower floor. I crept up the stairs, and at the top, punctuating the stillness, came agonizing gasps. Then again, the stillness and the gasps. Soon the silences grew longer, more unbearable, and the gasps more weary and inaudible. Possessed by sudden terror, I ran into Aunt Abigail's room and huddled close beside my kneeling family. After a moment, there was a hopeless little sigh from Aunt Abigail's tired lips, then the doctor spoke, and we all rose to our feet to make humble obeisance to The Presence.

Mother, quite overcome, was led to her room. Little Sister, hysterical, ran from the house. The doctor, beaten once more, took his little black satchel and left. Father and I stood by Aunt Abigail's side—alone. Father looked at me very much as he had looked that morning so many years before in the smoky kitchen. He looked first at me and then at dear Aunt Abigail's frail old form. I knew of what he was thinking. We lived in the country and could not summon professional assistance at once.

Finally, Father said: "Shall I ask one of the neighbors, Elizabeth?" And it was as though he had said, "You wouldn't wish to have me call in one of the neighbors, would you, Elizabeth?"

And I said, "No, Father, I can't allow strange hands to touch Aunt Abigail." The words were out before I really realized what they meant for me. If I had stopped to think, I would have realized I did not have the courage.

"I'll be just outside the door, darling," said Father.

I pushed him out, reluctantly. Then I deliberately locked the door upon my tears and my ignorance and my terror. After a long, long time, during which I had lived through the most sacred experience of my life, I opened the door. Father was standing just as I had left him. He took my trembling form in his comforting arms and kissed my tear-stained face.

Since the hour I crossed that threshold,

I have been blessedly immune from fears of any kind. I have the sustaining knowledge that there is no situation in life—or in death—that I cannot meet—and conquer!

Shortly after Aunt Abigail's death, I met the man I subsequently married. For a brief period after I became inoculated with love, I seemed to be immune from burdensome responsibilities. My family and friends left me alone with my new happiness. Alas, they were but gathering strength for a fresh attack!

After our marriage, I was installed in a city flat. Before the golden sheen of my wedding-ring had dulled, my guest-room began to fill with country cousins—the kind of cousin who leaves the luggage with you and goes sightseeing, inevitably returning just in time for dinner and too tuckered out to help with the dishes. Because I was proud of my new home, my new husband, and my new matronly dignity, and because "come again" had been bred in my bones, I became the family substitute for a hotel bill. Those who couldn't come to the city sent elaborate shopping-lists for me to fill. I was supposed to have good taste and to know materials when I saw them; so I spent hours and days wearily trudging through shops in search of just the correct material for Nan's wedding-gown and new ideas for Clara's layette.

My new neighbors soon discovered that I could cook and sew, can and pickle; that I never said "I can't," or "I won't," or "I don't know how." Because I was a bride, with "nothing to do," many things were expected of me by people who had no claim upon my services. There were skirts to be turned up, receipts to be copied, bargains to be exclaimed over, silver to lend for somebody's party. Twice, when the future promised rest and peace, I received notes something like this from a sister-in-law who was a synthetic invalid; a spinster who literally enjoyed poor health.

DEAR ELIZABETH:

I'm just ready to get down into bed again; so I'm coming to you at once. You are so strong and healthy and capable that it is a perfect joy to be with you when I am so miserable. I shall come next week and bring my trunk.

Your weak but devoted,

SARAH.

P. S. Have you started your furnace fire yet? You know I dare not get chilled during these first autumn days!

Finally, there came a wonderful summer when I locked the doors and spent happy, awed hours working over tiny patterns. I longed to be alone. I dreaded a knock at the door or a voice from a neighboring yard. I lived in constant terror of the postman. One night, my husband

[Concluded on page 70]

# Kleinert's



## TUPAIR BRASSIERE GARMENT SHIELD

The Tupair Brassiere Garment Shield comes with two pairs of Kleinert's guaranteed Dress Shields.

As soon as one pair has lost its freshness it can be unbuttoned from the Brassiere and while it is being washed and ironed back to perfect freshness the additional pair has merely to be buttoned on

to the Brassiere. Thirty-five years of guaranteed dress protection is the Kleinert Dress Shield record. It must inspire confidence in the purchase of any article bearing the Kleinert name.

Ask to see the Tupair—a perfectly fitting Brassiere and two pairs of Kleinert's guaranteed Dress Shields for \$1.00, all sizes.

Made by the  
Makers of the famous *featherweight* Dress Shields





## *Keep a Kodak Story of the Children.*

Let your films make fast for you the impressions of those childhood days that are so soon outgrown. There is a new delight in every moment of the story making—and a lasting pleasure in the pictures themselves.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Kodak catalogue free at your  
dealer's, or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y. *The Kodak City.*

**Burnham & Morrill**  
**Fish Flakes**  
10c-SIZES-15c  
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Creamed Fish with Baked Potato

Fish Balls

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**Quickly Makes All Delicious Fish Dishes**

Codfish Balls, Fish Flakes  
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Creamed Fish on Toast, Fish Hash, Fish Soufflé, Fish Chowder, Curried Fish, Fish Timbales, Fish Omelet, Fish Salad and many others.

**B & M FISH FLAKES**—all sweet, white meat, ready cooked—without bones or skin—no waste—sealed in air-tight, parchment-lined tins. In perfect condition always—Ready—Satisfactory—a fine seafood at small cost.

**INTRODUCTORY OFFER**  
Most grocers have Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes or will get them for you. If not, mail us \$1.00 and we will send you ten 10c tins, prepaid, anywhere east of the Missouri River.

*Our recipe booklet "Good Eating" free for the asking.*

**BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.**  
26 Water Street  
Portland, Maine

**Don't Wipe the Dishes**  
They will "wipe themselves"  
if you use a

**Perfection Dish Dryer**  
Scald each dish after washing and place in racks of dryer. Dishes dry clear, bright and lintless—untouched by sanitary towels. Saves hours of drudgery daily—practically 30 days of hard useless work each year. Given shady porch instead of sun-dried clothes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Sent prepaid, 30 days trial, on receipt of \$1.75. Must please or money back.

**PERFECTION DISH DRYER CO.**  
2114 B Ashland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

## STARTING WITH AN ALLOWANCE

[Continued from page 62]

personal expenditure, and her husband questions why she can't look as well as when they met; he grows shiny at the elbows, conscious of the rent or taxes due at the end of the month, and she is displeased at his careless appearance.

"Therefore it behooves the young wife to get a working knowledge of her husband's income early in her married life, plan all the expenses clearly, and apportion the money to their needs; so much for house payment or rent, so much for running the house, so much for personal expenses for each, and so much to be put in the bank.

"You are buying your own home right from the start, fortunately, for paying rent is the most thankless way of spending a small income that ever balked the young married couple's ideals and efforts towards a home. The house payments may be left to your husband, while you should concern yourself more particularly with the house management. This includes its furnishing, food, fuel, light, laundry, telephone, servant's wages if a maid is kept, or wages for the woman who comes to wash or clean by the day, or for the man who does occasional work about the house. An incidental list includes the daily paper, the magazines, stationery, stamps, etc., all of which should be planned and provided for.

"The simplest way to manage this is to keep in a separate purse the amount agreed upon for household use, and not let it contribute to or infringe upon one's personal allowance. To the wisest outlay of this amount, give the same consideration that your husband has to give to his business management. The study of food values, the knowledge of where and when to buy to the greatest advantage, the personal inspection of your servant's work, or if you do your own housework, the closest observation of your own methods and the machinery that accomplishes the work—all are just as necessary to your successful running of the house as the parallel knowledge of business men, methods, and management is to your husband's success in his work.

"As to its being drudgery, the poor little wife who has not imagination enough

to see the romance of handling her household easily and smoothly is to be pitied, indeed, since she misses so much of the fun of life. The mere arrangement of cooking utensils is a thing that calls for experiment, patience, and thought. And do you suppose it is really just a kitchen arrangement? It will show very plainly in the ease with which the food is prepared and served, and in the way the housewife appears at the head of her table. The scurry across the mismanaged kitchen for a spoon, the hunt for a saucepan, and the rush for a vegetable dish are plainly set forth in the manner of the disordered mistress of the house, whose nervous fingers and strained attention, as she presides over the table or in the drawing-room, may be promptly diagnosed as due to pots and pans.

**MANAGING** these pots and pans and teaching them their proper place as servitors, not despots, leaves the competent young housewife free for many hours a day, and also shows a bigger balance of cash at the monthly balancing of the household account book, as every housekeeper very soon learns.

"If you have saved by studying food values, by economy in the kitchen or laundry, or by better shopping methods, turn the saved money over to some other part of the household that needs it. The dollar or two saved in this way may well start a little fund for



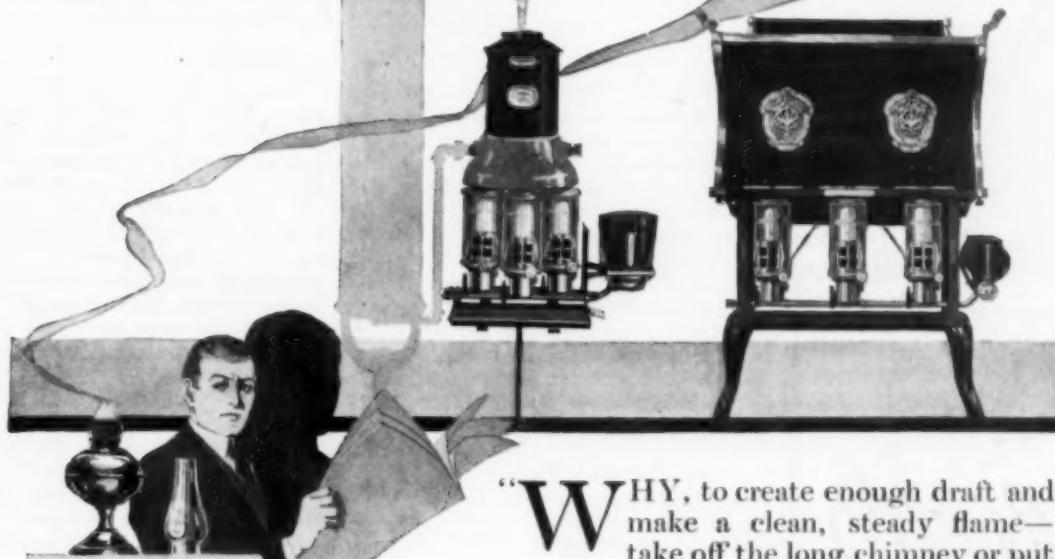
FETCH THE ACCOUNT BOOKS AND HAVE A MONTHLY DAY OF RECKONING—which is not half as fearful as it sounds

buying the desk or table so much needed in the living-room, or for the prettier dinner set, the new rug, or any other thing that will be a mutual pleasure and enhance the home comfort and prettiness.

"The habit of many women in using the surplus money for their personal needs or pleasures, does not bear close scrutiny. It is as if a business manager should pocket the money saved by his skillful oversight, instead of applying it to building up and broadening his business to greater power and security. If the wife regards herself as a sort of housekeeper, only, there is no reason why she should not pocket these savings as perquisites. But the woman who looks to

[Continued on page 67]

# NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE & WATER HEATER



## Why is a Lamp Chimney Long?

Cook Stove has long chimneys on all burners—long blue enameled ones—that's why the New Perfection is cooking for more than two million housewives. It is why there are more New Perfections sold than all other oil cook stoves combined.

The New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves in these two million homes will be cooking away as reliably and efficiently two years from today as they will cook the 2,000,000 dinners tonight.

The New Perfection averages a fuel cost of six cents a day for a family of six. No coal to carry, no fires to build or tend.

You need *some* oil cook stove this summer if you want a cool kitchen and freedom from drudgery. But if you want *permanent* satisfaction be sure the stove you buy bears the name New Perfection, and has the *long blue chimney*.

New Perfections are sold in many styles and sizes by most good dealers. Prices from \$3.00 up.

**THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY CO., 7371 Platt Ave., Cleveland, O.**

### THE NEW PERFECTION KEROSENE WATER HEATER

Has three long blue chimneys and provides an abundant circulating supply of hot water for kitchen, laundry or bath at low cost. Easily installed. Write for information.

Also made in Canada by  
the Perfection Stove Company, Ltd.,  
Sarnia, Ontario



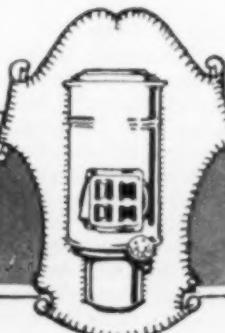
### NEW PERFECTION OVENS

Bake to perfection because of correct heat circulation—no air pockets. Glass or steel doors. Fit any stove.

Write Dept. D for free catalogue and booklet,  
"What Every Woman Should Know"

"IT'S THE LONG

BLUE CHIMNEY"



Ask  
any doctor  
or nurse about Lysol.



### Beware of Germs

Act before they breed disease in your home. That is "Safety First" at its best. A little Lysol will protect you from big trouble. It has been used in hospitals everywhere for over 20 years.



#### Antiseptic Disinfectant Germicide

**For Personal Hygiene**—for personal douche, for cuts, wounds and sores.

**In Kitchens**—Disinfects waste pipes, pails, woodwork, sinks, garbage cans. Drives away flies, roaches, water bugs.

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#### Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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French Perfumers, Dept. E  
185 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



## DRESS FOR A JUNE GRADUATE

### LESSON 64—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

A DAINTY little frock for the June graduate is illustrated in this attractive model, of point d'esprit and cotton voile. Point d'esprit is one of the revivals of the season, and is a particularly practical and becoming fabric for all types of summer frocks. Taffeta and organdy would combine well in this design, also net and crêpe Georgette, and similar combinations. For the regulation tub frock, the contrasting novelty cottons would be effective. The round neck and bib are new features, and the contrasting upper section of the skirt is a smart detail.

**THE PATTERN:** No. 7192, as illustrated, requires for size sixteen, three and three-fourths yards of forty-inch material for waist, lower skirt section, and ruffle, and one and five-eighths yards of same width contrasting for upper skirt portion and bib. Dress is cut in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years. Price, fifteen cents.

**TO CUT:** Full directions for cutting are given on pattern envelope and to insure success it is well to follow them closely. The novice should place her pattern on the material, as directed, before beginning to cut. In this way she will make sure of having sufficient material.

**TO MAKE BODICE:** Cut inside belt from silk or cotton belting, one and one-half inches wide, using pattern as a guide. Draw inside belt about the waist rather tightly, turn in front edges, and finish with hooks and eyes. Sleeves and waist are cut in one; for short sleeves, as illustrated, cut sleeves off at line of large circle perforations.

Join underarm and sleeves with notches matching. With such sheer material as this the French seam may be used, but as there is a decided curve to the seam, it is preferable to join the seams in the usual way and bind them with bias strips of the material, or silk seam-binding. Before binding the seam, slash the edges slightly.

Gather lower edge of sleeves, join sleeve band, and baste one edge to gathered lower edge of sleeves, with seams and edges even. Turn in fronts of waist and baste down. Underface neck edges of waist with the material cut after the pattern, to a depth of one-half inch below the line of double circle perforations in pattern, stitching it on with right side of facing to right side of goods; fold back, turn in free edge an eighth of an inch, press down, and hem neatly by hand. Picot edging would be a dainty finish for this frill.

Gather neck edge along line of double circle perforations and try waist on, tying a tape around the waistline to hold the fulness in while the gathers at the neck edge are being adjusted. Distribute the neck fulness evenly, looking especially to the fulness over the sleeves. Make necessary alterations. When all changes have been made satisfactorily, baste a strip of the material or of seam binding over the gathers on the wrong side, as a stay, and stitch neatly into place. Hem by hand, turning under on line of small circle perforations, close with patent fasteners, or buttons and buttonholes. Stitch sleeveband onto sleeve as basted, face with same material, turning in upper edge of facing and catching down over seam.

Gather lower edge of waist, and baste to inside belt, trying waist on and distributing fulness evenly.

Face upper edges of the pointed portions of the bib with a narrow bias strip of the material, or with silk seam binding, seaming it on, folding back, pressing, and catching it down lightly by hand. Face front bib portion in the same way. Gather lower edges of back portions and adjust to waist, with large circle perforations at the top, meeting corresponding large circles on waist, and lower edges lapping in center, so that small circle perforations meet. Outer ends are tacked to underarm seams.

[Concluded on page 68]



NO. 7192—BIB-FROCK OF POINT  
D'ESPRIT AND VOILE



## STARTING WITH AN ALLOWANCE

[Continued from page 64]

herself as the mistress of her home, in whose hands its comfort and dignity are placed, will hoard each dollar saved as so much more opportunity for its right ordering and development.

"One's personal allowance should be kept strictly apart from the household purse, and applied as carefully and independently as the latter; a saving in one need allowing a better supply in another, and an extravagance or emergency tightening the purse-strings till the account is balanced. Moreover the personal allowance should not be limited to the purchase of clothes, and small expenses like car-fares, etc. It should be large enough to cover these things and allow a margin for such little pleasures and festivities as occur to the intelligent, happy, hospitable woman—the matinée or concert tickets, the books or music, the flowers, the box of chocolates, or the afternoon tea down town—anything that may be one's desire or convenience without necessarily being one's husband's, and therefore will not be included in the household accounts, any more than are his private expenditures.

HOWEVER little may be set aside for the personal allowance, even if it is only five dollars a month, let the setting aside be a definitely understood and accomplished fact. Reckon it all up in the beginning and abide by the result. So doing will obviate future misunderstandings and unhappinesses. It cannot be pleasant to any intelligent man to have his wife obliged to ask him for every penny she needs on each separate occasion, and to dole out a few dollars at a time with strict inquiries as to the disbursement of former funds.

"Husband and wife should each have a personal allowance and spend it without criticism or enquiry, unless need arises. And if you borrow from each other, pay back.

"One husband I know has a habit of giving his wife a generous present of bills the first of the month, with every appearance of happiness in doing it; and then borrowing it back as the month advances. As these conjugal debts do not present themselves to him as debts of honor, his wife continues to ask him for money for everything she needs, from a postage stamp to an evening dress. Yet, in all probability, had she begun by having her personal allowance definitely settled, he would have preferred that way. They have simply never learned to manage their income intelligently.

"Your husband, it appears," with a smile, "went to the other extreme. He heaped his salary in your lap and left its division to you. If you only had been able

[Concluded on page 69]



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Wing & Son (Est. 1868), 9th Ave. & 13th St., Dept. A-200, New York

## DRESS FOR A JUNE GRADUATE

[Continued from page 66]

Join strap for front of bib, with notches matching, turn in edges, and face with seam binding or material.

To MAKE SKIRT: Join seams of skirt with notches matching. Bind edges with seam binding or bias strips of material. Gather upper edge of lower skirt section between crosses; place upper skirt portion with right side to right side, centers, seams, and edges even, distribute gathers evenly, and seam together. Bind seam edges together. Slash left side of upper skirt portion for a placket opening along line of double small circle perforations. Finish placket with the continuous placket finish.

**THE CONTINUOUS PLACKET FINISH.**—There are several methods of finishing placket openings, but the simplest of all perhaps, especially for cottons and sheer materials, is the continuous finish or fac-ing. This finish may also be used for the regulation shirtwaist sleeve.

A straight piece of the same material as the skirt or dress or another suitable fabric, about two inches wide, is used. This strip of material is basted to the placket, with right side of strip and right side of skirt together; starting at the upper left edge of placket, the strip is basted on all around opening, finishing at the top on the right side. After stitching to the skirt, the seam edges are slashed slightly and pressed flat; the strip is then creased through the center and the outer edge turned in a seam's width, and pressed. The turned-in, free edge is caught down over the seam by hand. At the bottom, a line or two of stitching catches the placket strip together flatly, and the placket is pressed again, turning the right side of strip back against the skirt, allowing the left side to form an underlap. This method will be found excellent for soft silks and wash materials, as the placket, or seam, is prevented from tearing down. The continuous finish is rarely used with thick materials, such as broadcloth or serge, unless the strip is of satin or taffeta; the turn at the bottom would prove rather bulky.

Gather top of upper skirt portion (indicated by large circle perforations) and adjust over lower edge of waist, with center-back seam at center-back of waist, and center-front at front closing of inside belt, as directed.

Try on, make necessary alterations, if any, and stitch. Bind free edge of skirt and attach to belt with patent fasteners.

When skirt is attached satisfactorily, adjust the length, and face with a three-inch facing of the material, or another suitable fabric.

The ruffle consists of a strip or strips of material, four and one-half inches wide, long enough to encircle the skirt twice, or twice the width of the skirt at the joining of upper and lower sections. These strips are joined with French seams, and the lower edge hemmed by hand or picoted. The upper edge is gathered over a cord of the thickness desired; the fulness is adjusted evenly and the ruffle attached to the skirt, over the joining of upper and lower portions. Picot edging is one of the easiest and smartest of finishes for collars, jabots, cuffs, tunic edges, and even the lower edge of skirts, of taffeta, crepe Georgette, and similar materials. In this design it would be effective for finishing the lower edge of the cuffs, the ruffle on the skirt, and edging the front, and the back points of the bib. Any dressmaking supply store will do this picot edging for a very small amount per yard; the material is marked with basting threads or chalk, just where the line of picot is desired, and the stitching cut through the center when returned. The discarded piece, which is also picot edged, if not too narrow, may be used for finishing collars and cuffs. If too far from one of the dressmaking supply stores, the picot may be made at home in the following way. Place a strip of material seam-fashion, against the edge to be picoted, or fold the goods back; place between the pieces or the fold several thicknesses of blotting or tissue-paper, and sew on machine quite as if it were a seam being joined; tear away the tissue or blotting paper and cut the stitches through the center. A very satisfactory picot edge may be obtained in this way if gone about carefully.

Tack seam of strap for front of bib to center-front of waist and skirt joining; draw bib through strap, attach to waist with large circle perforations at top meeting corresponding circles on waist. Tack right side to underarm seam at the lower edge; the left side is closed with a patent fastener at the left under-arm seam.



NO. 7192—SHOWING THE PREMET APRON

**Editor's Note.**—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you with suggestions for making any garment, or in planning your new spring clothes. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



## STARTING WITH AN ALLOWANCE

[Continued from page 67]

to accept the responsibility wisely, nothing could have been better. But instead of counting expenses and apportioning for each properly, you had, you say, a gay day or two of shopping, with a resultant procession of delivery wagons to the house the next day, and now you plaintively wonder where the money goes when the bills begin to come in.

WE have a better plan, I think. Our income, as you know, is very moderate. Once a month we put the earnings in a pile on the table, fetch the account books, and have a monthly day of reckoning—which is not half as fearful as it sounds. There is the house payment—we are buying our home, too—and then come the household expenses. All the bills for the month are gone over, and their total amount determines what allowance shall be made for the house the next month. Then comes the personal talk. What does each most need? It may be a new business suit for John. Or perhaps I need a coat or dress. We both curtail our other personal expenses, and get it. John's car-fares and luncheons are next set aside, as he goes to business every day. Then the modest allowance for incidental personal expenses is apportioned to each. Then the monthly saving for the bank is discussed. This varies according to our expenditures, but never drops below a stated amount, which we promised ourselves when we were married, to put in the bank regularly for an emergency fund. Some one asked once why we didn't add this to our house payments, the quicker to reduce that expense. Then where would be the money for the sudden illness, the unexpected journey, we both inquired. These emergencies arise in everybody's life, and if no money is saved, one must borrow, if possible, or, if not, suffer; or, worst of all, see the beloved one suffer.

"And now my lecture is finished. We will have a cup of tea," concluded my cousin, going to the tea-table and busying herself in a decided manner which made me understand that all serious talk was really over for the day. But this lecture, as she called it, lingered in my mind. I went home pondering her words, and becoming more determined at each step to broach the subject of a regular allowance to my husband.

It was a difficult thing for me to do, but when once the ice was broken, I found, to my intense relief, that he was quite ready and eager to meet my proposition. Since that day my housekeeping difficulties have dwindled in proportion as my experience has grown, and neither of us now has any dread of the day of reckoning, which has become a regular institution in our home.

## Don't Look Dowdy in Your New Frocks

YOU can't wear this Summer's gown over your last season's corsets. How amazing the new frocks would look over one of the boneless corsets so popular last year! Acquire the new 1916 figure and give your gowns the support they need by wearing an

### R & G RUSTLESS CORSET

*A splendid value*

STYLE F 364  
\$3.50

An ideal corset for the medium figure.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inch bust with a long skirt. It is low in the bust and high in the back.

*On sale everywhere*





# The New-Fashion Mother Knows the Foods That Feed

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice appeal to mothers who study food composition. Such mothers will employ them.

These foods were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. Here every food cell is exploded. Here every atom feeds. And no other process attains that.

## Not Mere Breakfast Bonbons

These bubbles of grain, eight times normal size, are considered food confections. They are airy, toasted tit-bits, flaky and flavor-y. Their fascinations hide their hygienic side.

But they are more than that. These are grains as Nature made them. Not an element is missing.

Each of the 125 million food cells is blasted by steam explosion. Thus all are fitted to digest.

These grains yield one all the food that's in them. Even the outer parts, once called indigestible, yield their phosphorus, lime and cellulose. Every element is utilized in a grain that's puffed.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		

Puffed Grains in the morning, with sugar and cream, are most inviting dainties. But serve them also in bowls of milk, in place of bread or crackers. Scatter them in soups. Use them in place of nut meats. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts. A dish-full of Puffed Grains yields a great deal of nourishment. It doesn't tax the stomach. More and more, the folks who know are serving grain foods in this way.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY  
SOLE MAKERS

(1272)



## STORY OF A CAPABLE WOMAN

[Continued from page 60]

came home and found me weeping hysterically—for no reason in the world. The next evening he came in with resolution stamped comfortingly upon his face.

"You are going away for three months," he announced. "You are going to spend this entire summer on a farm up in the mountains where nobody will dare to ask you to lift your hand. As nobody will know you, you can go incognito, so to speak. I want you to pretend that you don't know how to cook, or sew, or wash dishes, or shell peas. I want you to scream if you see a mouse and faint at the sight of a gun and have hysterics if a grasshopper lands on your back. That's the only way you'll ever manage to get a square deal in this world!"

"Oh, but I can't," I remonstrated.

"Good!" he smiled, "Never heard you say 'I can't' before!"

Just then the telephone rang. After a moment's conversation Henry turned toward me, diabolical cunning shining from his eyes. "I'm pretty sure she doesn't know how to make pineapple honey," he explained to the transmitter. "You don't, do you, dear?" he said to me, placing his hand over the mouth-piece.

"Oh, yes," I began, "tell her to grate the pineapple—"

"Sorry, Mrs. Jones, but she can't help you out on that proposition," he went on deliberately. "By the way, did you know that my wife is going to the country for the remainder of the summer?"

After the receiver was clicked into place, he turned about and said, "You might as well begin now. You're a menace to the public. Women like you weaken the moral fiber of the nation; you take all the hard knocks yourselves and make weaklings of others."

I pondered this a moment, then I had an inspiration. "The strawberries are not hulled for supper, and I can't bear to get my fingers all stained up," I pouted, mimicking my helpless cousin's most fascinating drawl.

"That's easy," said my husband, grinning. "Where's the apron?"

After a moment's serious contemplation, I followed him into the kitchen. "You're right, Henry," I confessed, "I am a menace to the public. Instead of being a capable person in the truest sense of the word, I am an incapable one. One who tries to fulfill her own obligations and those of her neighbors as well is not an efficient person."

Henry was so surprised that he dropped a handful of hulls into the berry bowl.

"Hereafter," I concluded, "I am going to do my full share of the world's work to the best of my ability—and when it seems advisable, I'll show others how to do their's instead of doing it for them."



## WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

[Continued from page 58]

**appointment.** "I have a date with the dentist" should be "I have an appointment with the dentist." "I have a date with Tom for Monday night" should be "I have an engagement with Tom for Monday night." The word "show" is a vulgarism for *play, opera, or concert.*

"Gentleman friend" and "lady friend" are also colloquial expressions that should be avoided. Some of you will remember how in the little story of *Cranford* they called attentive young men "followers," and in certain localities we still hear them called "steadies." These expressions are inelegant. The words *gentleman* and *lady* should be used only to denote persons of refinement, or good manners, as distinguished from ill-bred persons. They should not be used to designate mere sex. "Saleslady" should be "saleswoman;" "washlady" should be "washwoman;" "scrublady" should be "scrubwoman;" and "forelady" should be "forewoman." We do not say "salesgentleman" for "salesman." Nor do we call a tradesman a "tradesgentleman." The mere use of the word *gentleman* or *lady* in connection with an occupation cannot lift the follower of the occupation into lady-hood or gentleman-hood—pardon the coining of an impromptu word! That is something that comes from within, and can be acquired, and enjoyed, by any one of gentle feelings, no matter whether she be scrubwoman or college professor.

Many of us misuse the word *company* for *guest, guests, companions, or escort;* as in the expressions, "company for supper," and "She took her company home with her." *Company* means a "gathering." The expressions just cited should be "We had guests for supper," and "She took her escort home with her."

The word *retire* is a pretentious word for "go to bed," and is not a satisfactory equivalent, because it is possible to *retire*, or withdraw (the meaning of the word), without going to bed. "It's time to *retire*" is more properly expressed as "It's time to go to bed." The word came into this stilted usage when people were prudish, and it might well pass into disuse along with the languishing Victorian heroine.

It is better to use the word *luncheon* in speaking of the light noon-time meal; as, "We have luncheon at one" instead of "We have lunch at one." "I am invited to a luncheon at the club," or "Mrs. Brown is giving a luncheon for her guest,"—these are correct usage of the word *luncheon*. And, by the way, *maid* or *servant* is in better form than the word *hired-girl*; as, "We have a new maid" (or servant) instead of "We have a new hired-girl."

The words *all right* are allowable in conversation, and informal writing, but they should always be spelled correctly, and as two words—*all right*, not *alright*.



## The store that deals in friendliness

**I**N some stores the proprietor comes to meet and greet you. He remembers your likes and dislikes. You receive attention.

This kind of a store is usually well located, well lighted, well arranged and carries good merchandise. Almost invariably it is equipped with up-to-date National Cash Registers.

*This machine furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip.*

*It prints on this the amount paid or charged.*

*On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it.*

*It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.*

Safeguarded with this machine the proprietor can devote his time

- to his customers,
- to his delivery and store systems,
- to display of merchandise,
- to advertising.

In other stores you seldom meet the proprietor.

Practically all his time is spent in straightening out mistakes in accounts.

His mind is full of details of bookkeeping.

You are conscious of this difference in stores.

We want you to know one reason for the difference and where to look for this better kind of service.



LOOK FOR  
THIS SIGN IN  
THE WINDOW



### MR. MERCHANT:

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits. We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

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**The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio**



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**TALCUM PUFF CO., Brooklyn, N.Y.**  
*Mrs. of Dentapearl Tooth Paste*

**Airfloat** 10c  
TALC



## OUT OF THE STORM

[Continued from page 10]

could not bear to have him angry. The very thought hurt her. Sighing a little, she tiptoed softly and stood behind his back. And suddenly she burst into a childhood rhyme.

Roger is mad, and I am glad,  
And I know what will please him—  
A bottle of wine to make him shine  
And Marjorie Weston to—tease him.

At the "tease" she slipped her fingers into his and administered a penitent squeeze, which he suffered stolidly.

As for Saunders, he felt a curious, almost irresistible impulse, beneath his stolidity, to press her close as he used to when she was a child—to kiss the laughing, teasing mischief. Yet he realized definitely that, after all, she was no child, but a woman grown, in spite of her playful tricks of childhood.

He turned suddenly and looked down into her face, alight, it seemed, with shame-faced twinkles. "Marjorie, I'll tell you what: Get an invitation for me. Will you? That will be better than quarreling over this."

"Roger!" Fairly entreating in her surprise and delight, she whispered his name. "You mean that? You'll give in to me like that—after—after—" She was going to say "after that steely look," but, instead, she laughed softly: "Oh, I mustn't give you time to change your mind! Good-night! Good-night!"

As the door slammed, Roger Saunders smiled to himself. What a child she was, after all! And no wonder she was such a favorite—with her happy disposition. He hadn't half appreciated her sweetness, he was so accustomed to it—the whimsically sweet manner in which she always coaxed him into better humor. Instead, in his large masculine conceit, he had thought his years given to her amusement. He made a half vow that, hereafter, he would truly lend himself to furthering her happiness and pleasure. And so—if her happiness meant Rex Mathews, why—why—

At the sudden ghastly feeling of collapse that thought brought, he was in danger of making a surprising discovery. Immediately, however, he regained his poise, acknowledging to himself that Rex was a fine young fellow, as good as the town offered, better off financially than most, in whom the most worldly parents would have seen a desirable son-in-law. The next morning, his mother cleared up the matter definitely.

"Roger," she said, with gentle chiding, "what made you behave so, last night? Can't you see that Rex is courting Marjorie? The child is old enough, now, to be allowed some liberty."

He made no direct answer; but for the whole day this unpalatable fact occupied

his mind, almost to the exclusion of all else. He supposed that every man felt that unjustifiable feeling of hatred for another man, when it came to trusting the happiness and welfare of a beloved sister to that other, but realizing the intolerance of his attitude, he vowed himself to a visible liberality that even Marjorie must perforce appreciate.

His first deed was to call up Rex and tell him that Marjorie wanted to go to Hallowell that night to see the Clarksons, and to ask him if he would escort her, since he (Saunders) found that he had to remain at the office to finish up some work.

Tuesday evening, he noticed that Rex was again at the house next door. Wednesday evening, he was late in getting home; but, Thursday, Marjorie flew through the Saunders' door while they were still at dinner, to say that Rex had called up from town, that they were starting, and would be at the wharf below in fifteen minutes.

"You don't really want me to go—do you?" Roger looked up into her bright eyes a little dully. "You'll have a much better time without me."

"But you promised, Roger," she spoke hesitantly. And some unusual quality in his voice made her search his face questioningly. "Rose and Rex expect you. Besides—and you know it!—since I came so near drowning last summer, I always feel creepy on the water without you."

She paused, looking a trifle anxiously at him, and suddenly he remembered his rôle—the rôle he had mapped out for himself, to strive earnestly to please her. His face cleared with the swift thought. He smiled a more or less tender indulgence.

"Of course, if you really want me to go!" He folded his napkin.

Ten minutes later, they were waiting on the wharf of their bath-house, and Saunders had the pseudo-delight of seeing the train of thought which had so camouflaged in his mind, bounding along on the track he'd designed. For it required neither keen intuitions nor supernatural insight to discover that, so far as Rex Mathews was concerned, the whole excursion had been planned for Marjorie. Every time he looked their way, he could see in Rex's manner some portrayal of the young fellow's love. But as for Marjorie, she was a mischievous sphinx. As far as he could judge, not even the moonlight made her unbend from her girlish reserve. Like a will-o'-the-wisp she kept Rex at an elusive arm's length. She was frank; she was merry; even softly confidential. But as for loverlike responsiveness, not once did the eye of Saunders discover that. Yet he thought to himself that he knew more nearly than did Rex himself, how much she cared for him.

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## OUT OF THE STORM

[Continued from page 72]

On Gull Island, they picnicked on a big flat rock, the table for many a party that had gone before. Afterwards, in two's, they strolled along the beach, making their way to a pavilion from which the softly linking chords of a dreamy waltz emanated.

For an hour they danced. It was Marjorie who first noted the distant lightning and muffled thunder. Her eyes went to where Rose and Roger sat.

And when, as Rex guided her through the maze of dancers, their course took her near them, she stopped deliberately.

"What do you think of the weather, Roger?" she asked. Marjorie did not like thunder-storms, and a vague note of fear haunted her voice.

"Angry squall," Saunders answered succinctly. "And it's gathering fast. What do you think, Rex—can we make it?"

Rex was sure that they could, and so, a few minutes later, a merry crowd were scampering over the sands. The race with the storm was filling them with wild exhilaration. Laughing and chattering in high glee, they embarked.

But the water, which had been ominously calm when they started, suddenly rippled with the gusts of wind. Five minutes later it was blowing a gale. Laughter died on their lips as the little craft began to pitch about on the inky sea.

"Guess we're in for it, all right." Mathews took off his coat and put it about Marjorie.

The other men did likewise, each for his companion. The lightning, spilling through the enveloping darkness, showed their faces tense and strained. It was going to be a frightful storm. Even the men looked concerned, for its intensity seemed to increase with the seconds. Suddenly, with a flash and crash, the heaven poured its torrents over them.

Heads bowed and shoulders hunched, they bent beneath the fury. Braced and intent, each man held his companion as best he could, while the boat fell and rose and fell again with ghastly suddenness.

"We're half way cross, now," the hired man, who was piloting them, shouted encouragingly at one time. "Can't be no worse'n it is, ladies."

But Marjorie, held close by Rex, did not hear him. She had tasted of that water last summer, and horror and fear possessed her. At each flash of lightning, she could have shrieked aloud. And across the boat her eyes strained with staring yearning to where Saunders sat, one arm fast about Rose Mathews. Every muscle taut, she held herself as long as she could. At a flash more frightful than the rest, her voice rose above the deafening thunder.

"Roger—Roger! Oh, Roger!"

"For heaven's sake, Marjorie!" Rex pulled at her straining arms and tried to hold her. But with that cry, she had torn herself free, and dropped to her knees in the bottom of the boat, burying her face in Saunders' shoulder.

Perhaps in the turmoil of their own emotions, no one saw anything incongruous in the fact that Marjorie should flee from the protecting arms of one man to another. Besides, everyone knew how Saunders had rescued her the summer before. Yet whenever the storm-swept Heavens flared high, they looked her way, and it seemed, curiously, as if they could not quite understand. To the most unobservant, Roger Saunders' attitude had in it more than mere protection. Jealously close, he was holding her. They could see his lips moving in tender, soothing speech against her ear, as he pressed her face away from the sight of the storm, while he looked white and drawn himself, as if her fear were his also. Yet, above the pallor, for all to see, shone an exultant look.

No one quite remembered all the details of that stormy trip. Those who read the papers, the following day, realized more weightily what they had lived through; for many lives were lost along the storm-swept coast. Two young people from their own town, less fortunate than they, were missing. An overturned row-boat told their story. Four others had been rescued after hours of clinging to their capsized sail-boat.

Marjorie, still white and nerve-wracked, lay on the couch in the living-room when Saunders, returning from the city, stepped in to see her. He had come home hours earlier than was his custom, because he could not stand the suspense any longer. For, from out that storm, some strange thing had sprung, a clarity of vision that had let him see into his inmost soul. At thought of Marjorie, he found himself quivering with hope and longing, even while he tried to hold himself numb against the possibility of disappointment.

Many a time, when she was a little thing and lay on that couch, convalescing from some childish illness, he had stooped and kissed her. So, now, he dropped on one knee and did the same. Then he looked long into her eyes—looked until a flood of color washed over that whiteness, and the dimple began to flicker uncertainly, daringly.

"Marjorie was a bad girl to take you away from Rose, last night," she said in an odd, shy, little voice that held a hint of memory in it.

Saunders' eyes deepened. "She only took what rightfully belonged to her," he



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[Concluded on page 74]



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for perspiration.  
Look for this  
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## OUT OF THE STORM

[Continued from page 73]

answered slowly, in a voice whose quality was the exact counterpart of hers. "She may care more for Rex, or somebody else; but no one cares for her as much as I do, I know."

A wonderful, starry softness flooded Marjorie's eyes as they rested on his.

"And—and," she answered him softly, "she cares for no one else—of that, you may be sure. Why she just couldn't! How could she? But she has had a dreadful day—wondering about—you. She remembered—how silly she'd been. But the awful storm, and Rex holding her so close, and you—you!—with your arm around Rose—" She paused, then added with a choking, little laugh:

"Did I disgrace you, Roger?—and myself? Did I? Are they talking about how crazily I behaved?"

For answer, Saunders shrugged his shoulders. Eyes alight with love and tender raillery, he was watching her mobile face with its varying expressions. So closely and so long he watched her without a word, that, in self-defense, she suddenly put her arms about his neck and drew him down.

"Well, I don't care"—her face hidden from his scrutiny, she laughed softly—"if you don't. Out of the storm, we found each other. Nothing—nothing—else matters!"

## DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT

(See page 25)

**DIRECTIONS.**—Cut out all parts. With a sharp knife cut around the tips of the fingers of the right hand of both the Executioner and the Gardener. Paste back and front of Executioner together and back and front of Gardener together, but be careful to keep free the tips of the fingers that have been cut. From light cardboard, cut out two duplicates of the pattern for brace, at top of page. Mark on these a dotted line, as is on the pattern, and fold along it. Paste these braces to places marked on backs of Executioner and Gardener, using for pasting only the section corresponding to that marked "Paste" on the pattern. Paste back and front of battle-axe together, but before it dries, insert between a sprig of broom about nine inches long. Do the same with the paint-brush, except that the sprig of broom for its handle should be only about one and one-half inches. Then put the axe in the right hand of the Executioner, and the paintbrush in the right hand of the Gardener, and your cut-outs are done and ready to make their bow to the other members of the Alice-in-Wonderland family who have been arriving as your visitors from month to month.

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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1916, HARRY E. FRENCH, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 30. Certificate filed in New York County, N. Y., No. 60. My commission expires March 30, 1918.



## IN BUTTERFLY LANE

[Continued from page 15]

not unforeseen— She wanted to scream, or stamp her foot, or hurl the perfidious picnic lunch at Mr. Neal Herendon's slightly bald head.

"Really," asserted that gentleman in his bored voice, "I didn't know anybody went on picnics any more."

"Your kind of people never do," returned Eve acidly.

"Yet, in your company, I find it highly agreeable," he proceeded, giving the basket a hungry glance. "I am feasting on your lovely juvenility."

"I hope you are enjoying it," responded Eve, linking her hands around her knees and gazing at a distant barn with more interest than it merited.

"How cruel you are!" murmured Mr. Herendon, with a certain smugness which belied his words.

He spoke with his chronic blasé air, but Eve wondered that she had ever found it interesting. It seemed so affected, worldly to the point of wickedness, stupid to the point of dullness, on this tuneful, colorful, sunshiny morning. Johnnie was so good, so sincere, so full of the joy of living. Why hadn't she appreciated him? It was equally incomprehensible to her that Mr. Neal Herendon had ever impressed her as distinguished. In broad daylight, he possessed a bad color and an unpleasant eye, and was dandified to an extreme. She recalled Johnnie's broad shoulders and booming laugh. Why had she been so blind? Mr. Neal Herendon's compliments were insufferable. She positively refused to have a "lovely juvenility." Johnnie called her his baby doll and swung her off the floor. But he would never do it again—

This thought was so awful that it brought a lump to her throat. In desperation, she turned to the basket and shook the snowy luncheon cloth across the grass. Mr. Neal Herendon espied the ringless left hand. Quite suddenly, he enclosed it in both of his.

"Eve!" he ejaculated with more emotion than she had ever seen him show.

"What is it?" cried Eve, drawing back.

"His ring is gone! You did it for me!"

"For you?" stormed Eve, struggling.

"For me!" he repeated exultantly, pressing her hand to his heart and his lips.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sobbed Eve.

And just at that moment, Johnnie entered Butterfly Lane!

The crumpled white cloth, the open basket, Eve's wet cheeks, Eve's hand against Mr. Neal Herendon's lips made a picture. Eve, turning, saw it with his eyes. Her own overflowed. Oh, she could never make him understand! He would never forgive her, never! He would even stop

[Continued on page 76]



# JAP-A-LAC HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

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# National Defense and International Peace



## What the Engineers are Doing

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This advertisement, published without cost to the United States, is the first in a nation-wide series to call the country to the duty of co-operating promptly and fully with the Engineers to prepare industry for



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## IN BUTTERFLY LANE

[Continued from page 75]

loving her and marry that little snip of a Delphine Drew who had tried so hard to get him! The day was still sparkling, but it meant nothing to her; she would never laugh nor sing again. She was still young, but her life was lived; happiness and love lay behind her. There stood her darling Johnnie, lost to her forever! There sat the brute who had dimmed the brightness of her day, taken the joy out of her life, alienated the affections of the only man whom she had ever loved! And she would have to talk to him, listen to him, offer him lunch out of her basket, while Johnnie would turn and go away, far, far away, never to return!

But Johnnie did not go far, far away.

"Is this the wedding breakfast?" he inquired, sociably, coming toward them.

"Oh, no! No! No!" cried Eve in despair.

"I believe it is customary to have the groom present on that occasion," he admitted good-naturedly and sat down.

"Oh, Johnnie," quivered Eve, seizing his hand, "it was like this. You called me a butterfly——"

"She is a little butterfly. Isn't she?" Johnnie appealed to Mr. Herndon.

"So I thought I'd be a butterfly, and I ran away out here, and I was sure you'd follow me, but I thought you'd never come."

"Why, I only waited to get the license," explained Johnnie, looking injured.

How bold, how ingenious he was! Eve felt a thrill of pride. She flashed a triumphant glance at Mr. Herndon. Mr. Herndon found the barn suddenly absorbing, even as had Eve.

After this startling statement, Johnnie returned to commonplaces.

"Pretty place," he commented, looking around.

"Miss Eve has named it Butterfly Lane," volunteered Mr. Herndon, conversationally.

"Trust Eve," replied Johnnie admiringly.

"I followed a butterfly," began Eve, "and it flew in here."

"And I followed a butterfly," continued Johnnie, "and it flew in here. You follow yours, and I'll follow mine," he added, smiling down at her, "and we'll find the place we're looking for."

"At the end of the lane?" asked Eve curiously.

"It's a little white church," said Johnnie.

He was as placid, as calm, as self-confident as if he had come to an appointment. Eve had never known he could control a situation like that. If she felt a bit dazed, she tried not to show it. Mr. Neal Herndon, obviously bewildered, stood up.

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## IN BUTTERFLY LANE

[Continued from page 76]

"Miss Eve evidently understands you better than I do," he remarked angrily.

Eve thought it her cue to look abashed.

"It's a beautiful day for a wedding," answered Johnnie, "and the license is in my pocket, and the church at the end of the lane."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Neal Herendon with dignity and struck off across the meadow.

Johnnie pulled Eve to her feet. Turning their backs on Mr. Neal Herendon's retreating figure, they looked down the sun-dappled vista.

"I always loved you," said Eve in a wee voice, "but, Johnnie, dear, I never knew before how masterful you were."

"Masterful?" repeated Johnnie, appreciative but puzzled.

"Nor how clever, either. And you thought of it so quick. And it really was the only thing to do."

"Clever?" questioned Johnnie.

"To make me marry you like this," explained Eve, lifting her sweet face.

"Why, sweetheart, anybody would have done the same," remonstrated Johnnie, "after that note you wrote to Nan."

He pulled a pile of papers from his pocket and selected one with difficulty. Johnnie never could find anything. Eve said it was one thing she loved about him. The note, when finally it was extracted, proved to be typewritten on a sheet of plain white business paper, terribly typewritten, too, with dollar marks for "s's," and stars in unexpected places, and capitals popping up in the middle of words. Nan's husband's typewriter had stood in the library for many weeks, but it is doubtful if Nan had ever touched it till that morning.

The first few lines looked familiar: "Johnnie and I have had a terrible quarrel. I am just heart-broken. Last night I did not sleep one wink. I'm going away by myself to-day. I couldn't stand it to see anybody. Darling Nannie"—and here Nan had plunged into the sea of fiction—"beg Johnnie to forgive me. I was altogether in the wrong. He was altogether in the right. If I only could, I'd marry him to-day."

"You see, dear," Johnnie was saying, "I only acted as anybody would have."

"Oh!" breathed Eve.

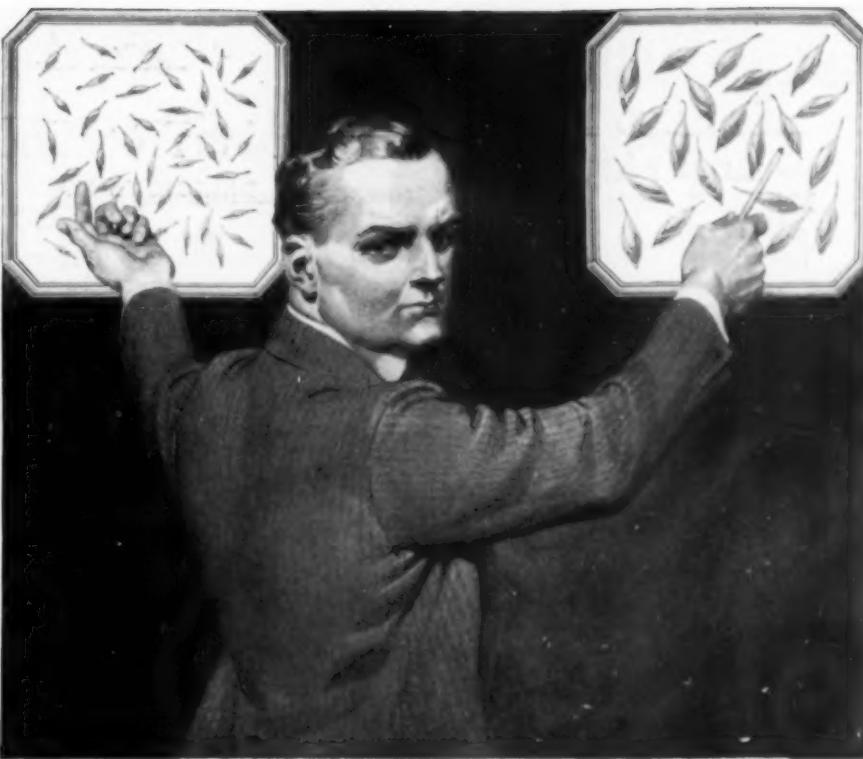
"If he had loved you as I do—heart and soul and all of me, Eve."

"Yes," said Eve, drawing close to him.

"You are an angel, and I am a perfect brute," he ended.

And after that it all went according to rehearsal.

And leaving the basket forgotten on the grass, they walked hand in hand toward the little white church down the leafy aisle of Butterfly Lane.



## Some Oats Are Underfed

**Puny—Undeveloped—Starved  
And Some are Batteries of Vim**

This is the fact which, all the world over, has made Quaker Oats supreme.

In a bushel of choice oats, about one-third are big, plump, flavorful grains. About two-thirds are undersized, underfed, insipid.

Mix them and you have a semi-savory oat food.

But the queen grains only, rightly flaked, yield a rich and fascinating flavor.

In Quaker Oats none but the choice grains go. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus the flakes are large and luscious.

Connoisseurs say that one dish of such oats is worth five of mixed oat flakes.

Yet they cost you no extra price.

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*Just the Queen Oats Flaked*

Our plea is, make the oat dish delightful. This is the energy food. It creates activity, vivacity and vim. It's the food for joyous living.

The liking for oats should be fostered. It

is not alone for the years of growth. It is even more important at fifty than at five.

In a food like that, every extra fascination is a thing to cherish. Make it a luxury dish.

**10c and 25c per package  
Except in Far West and South**

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## To Save the Lost Days

Many a dull day is now saved by a bran food.

This is Nature's laxative. Every day—yes, every meal—bran flakes should be mixed with fine foods.

In Pettijohn's, a tenderflake-bran is mixed with wheat flakes or with flour. In gems, muffins, etc., Pettijohn's Flour is better-liked than white flour.

Serve it in some way daily. Everybody needs it. Minds are keener, days are sunnier for it. Prove this once and you'll never go without it.

# Pettijohn's

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# WHEN STRAWBERRIES ARE RIPE

## DELICIOUS WAYS OF SERVING THEM

By MARGARET B. FOULKS

THERE are at least three good reasons why strawberries should be frequently found on our spring menus; they are good to look at, delicious to taste, and, excepting for a few people for whom, because of some idiosyncrasy, these berries are forbidden, they are most wholesome.

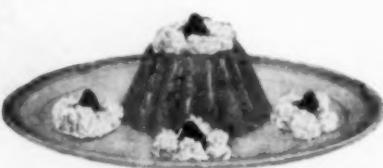
Strawberries contain both citric and malic acid and also some salts of lime. They are especially good for people of a bilious temperament, and physicians sometimes prescribe a generous use of them in cases of malaria, fever, and gout. In the countries where wild strawberries grow abundantly they are highly recommended for pulmonary troubles. These little wild berries are much sweeter than the cultivated ones and are easily digested, even by some who cannot eat the berries bought in market.

Strawberries can be served in an endless number of ways, for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, and their fragrance, as well as their beauty, adds much to the enjoyment of any meal, whether formal or informal.

THE receipts given here will make tempting desserts which have the appetizing flavor of strawberries, but which call for only a small amount of the fruit, and form pleasing variations from the usual ways of serving berries.

All measurements used in these receipts are level.

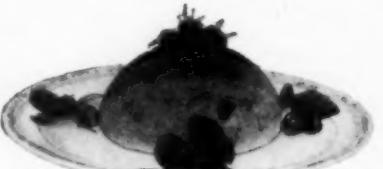
**STRAWBERRY WHIP**.—Put the white of one egg into a mixing bowl, set in a pan of crushed ice, and beat until the egg begins to froth, then add about a tablespoonful of crushed strawberries, and beat vigorously. Continue beating and adding berries until one cupful of berries is in and the whole is light and well filled with air bubbles. Beat in one cupful of sugar, a little at a time, add two teaspoonsfuls of lemon-juice, and serve in glasses with a little whipped cream on top. This must be kept ice cold and served soon after mixing.



STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW PUDDING



SWEDISH ROSETTE WITH STRAWBERRIES



STEAMED PUDDING WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE



STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE SALAD



STRAWBERRIES AND PINEAPPLE FOR BREAKFAST



STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE

**STRAWBERRIES IN PINEAPPLE GELATINE**.—Measure one-half cupful of cold water. In about three tablespoonfuls of it soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine and heat the remainder with one-half cupful of sugar. When boiling hot, pour over the gelatine and stir until dissolved, then add to one cupful of pineapple-juice (from canned pineapple) and three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice. Set in a cool place until it begins to congeal, then stir in one-half cupful of sliced berries, pour into a cold, wet mold, and place on ice until ready to serve. This may be turned out and garnished with whipped cream or served in sherbet glasses with little roses of the cream on top. This amount serves five people.

[Continued on page 79]



## WHEN STRAWBERRIES ARE RIPE

[Continued from page 78]

**STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE.**—Crush one cupful of strawberries and run through a coarse sieve, then combine with one cupful of sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Soak one tablespoonful and one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one-third cupful of water, for ten minutes, and melt it over hot water. Strain this into the berries and set in a cool place where it will congeal evenly. Whip one and one-half cupfuls of cream and whites of three eggs separately until stiff, then combine. When the gelatine mixture becomes thick (not hard), beat it a little at a time into the cream and eggs. Continue beating until the whole is well blended, then turn into a cold, wet mold. Cover the top of mold with fresh lady-fingers, and when turned out this will be at the bottom. Garnish with whipped cream and berries and serve ice-cold. This amount will serve nine or ten people.

**FRUIT SPONGE.**—Soften three tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water, then dissolve it in two and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, add one cupful of sugar to this and stir until it is dissolved. When cool add one-half cupful of orange- and three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice. As soon as this is congealed begin beating it, continue about ten minutes, then add, a little at a time, the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. When the whole is white and fluffy, fold in one cupful of sliced strawberries and place on ice. Serve with a sauce of cold custard.

**CUSTARD FOR FRUIT SPONGE.**—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, and beat in gradually three-fourths cupful of sugar, flavoring to taste. Scald two cupfuls of sweet milk, and stir into this, then put back over the fire in a double boiler and cook as for boiled custard. This may be flavored with the grated rind of orange or lemon, or after it is cold, crushed berries may be added.

**STRAWBERRY JELLY.**—Mash two cupfuls of strawberries well and add one pint of cold water. Let this stand for an hour, then add four tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, two-thirds cupful of sugar and white and shell of egg. Place over fire and beat until boiling, let boil briskly for five minutes. Soften two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and stir into the fruit-juice. Remove from the fire and, when cool, strain through a flannel jelly-bag. If this is not as red as desired, a little fruit coloring may be added. Set on ice until needed, serve in tall glasses with whipped cream on top.

[Continued on page 80]

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EVERY enthusiastic housewife seeks new seasonable surprises in cookery. Serve a Crisco made cherry roly poly and you will have a dainty dessert that is delicious and different. The dough is light and tender; the sauce fruity and toothsome, and both afford convincing proof of the unusual delicacy of foods prepared with Crisco.

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Crisco is purely vegetable, never varies and has neither flavor nor odor. It therefore enables countless thousands of women to give to their own cooking that tastiness for which every good cook strives.

**The Biscuit Dough**

2 cupfuls flour	4 teaspoonsful baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt	3 tablespoonsfuls Crisco
1 scant cupful milk	

(Use level measurements)

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add Crisco, cutting it in with two knives until mealy. Then add milk gradually until a soft dough is formed.

Roll biscuit dough about  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch in thickness, sprinkle with sugar and dot with ripe stoned cherries or well drained stoned canned cherries. Roll like jelly roll, press and close the ends as tight as possible. Tie in floured cloth and cook in boiling water two hours or steam in steamer one and a half hours. Remove from cloth to hot platter and serve with sauce.

Many other recipes make "A Calendar of Dinners" a most valuable book to any housekeeper. It contains 615 recipes, a dinner menu for every day in the year and the interesting Story of Crisco. Write for this illustrated, cloth-bound, gold-stamped book. Address Department L-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing five two-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes is free.

**Cherry Roly Poly**

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful Crisco	2 egg yolks
1 cupful powdered sugar	5 tablespoonsfuls
2 egg whites	
cherry juice	

Cream the Crisco. Add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add egg yolks and cherry juice, cook over hot water until well blended and boil through; remove from fire and fold in stiffly beaten whites.

**The Sauce**

Cream the Crisco. Add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add egg yolks and cherry juice, cook over hot water until well blended and boil through; remove from fire and fold in stiffly beaten whites.



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**National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.**



## WHEN STRAWBERRIES ARE RIPE

[Continued from page 79]

**STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW PUDDING.** —Cut one-fourth pound of marshmallows into small pieces and soak several hours in one-half cupful of pineapple-juice and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Whip one and one-half cupfuls of double cream and, when stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a little at a time. Soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk and melt over hot water, cool for a few minutes, and strain into the cream, beating all the time. Cut three-fourths of a cupful of canned pineapple into shreds, combine with one cupful of strawberries cut into small pieces and the marshmallows, and beat into the cream. Pour this into a cold, wet mold, and set on ice. When ready to serve, turn out and garnish with whipped cream and berries. This amount will serve seven people.

**FROZEN STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.** —Beat the yolks of three eggs very light, adding one cupful of sugar, a little at a time. Scald one quart of sweet milk, but do not boil, pour into the eggs, beating vigorously all the time. Put back over fire in a double boiler and cook until it will coat the spoon. Add the speck of salt, set in a cold place until ready to freeze, then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and one and one-half cupfuls of mashed berries, sweetened to taste. When frozen, pack in salt and ice for two or three hours.

**STRAWBERRY SHERBET.** —Stir sugar syrup to taste into three cupfuls of mashed and strained berries. This will take about one and one-half cupfuls, but will vary according to the sweetness of the berries. Soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, then melt over hot water and strain into the berries. Pour this into the freezer and, when about half frozen, add one pint of thin cream, and turn briskly until well blended and nearly solid. Now add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and whip again until all is smooth and solid. Remove the dasher and pack until ready to serve.

**SWEDISH ROSETTES WITH STRAWBERRIES.** —The little irons for making these rosettes can be purchased for a small sum at any household furnishing store. The rosettes may be made sweetened or unsweetened and served in many ways with fruits or vegetables, but are particularly good with strawberries and cream. The following receipt will make one dozen:

Beat one egg until light (not separating), add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cupful of sweet milk, and one-

[Concluded on page 81]



## WHEN STRAWBERRIES ARE RIPE

[Continued from page 80]

eighth teaspoonful of salt. Sift one-half cupful of pastry flour twice before measuring, then stir it into the egg, alternating with the milk, and beat briskly, being sure that the batter is perfectly smooth. Directions for cooking will be given with the irons, and should be closely followed. Place four firm, ripe strawberries on each rosette, and with a pastry bag, place a little whipped cream between each one of the berries.

**STEAMED PUDDING WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE.**—Cream one-half cupful of butter, adding one cupful of sugar, a little at a time, and cream together until very light and fluffy. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, and beat into the sugar. Sift two cupfuls of flour, measure it, and sift again with the two teaspoons of baking-powder. Add this to the first mixture, and alternately add one-half cupful of sweet milk and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Cut one-half cupful of crystallized pineapple into small pieces, and roll and alternately add one-half cupful of preserved strawberries or candied cherries. Stir the fruit into the batter and pour immediately into a well-buttered mold with a tight-fitting cover. Steam for three hours and serve hot with strawberry sauce. The strawberry flavor to the pudding will give an original touch to any dinner.

**STRAWBERRY SAUCE.**—Cream one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter, adding the sugar, a spoonful at a time, until it is all in and the whole is very light. Whip one-half cupful of double cream and beat into the first mixture; add one cupful crushed strawberries and beat until perfectly blended. Pack in ice and salt for an hour or two and serve on the hot pudding.

### OUR JUNE COVER DUPLICATES, FOR FRAMING, FOR FIVE CENTS

JUST because we knew that you would like our June cover well enough to want it up on your own wall where you could see its two attractive young people at any time, we have printed a limited number of extra copies. You can get one of these single covers from us, the exact copy of the one on your magazine, at a cost of five cents, as long as they last. But, judging from our experience with our previous covers, we suggest that you order soon in order not to be disappointed. The picture, which is one from the well-known studio of the Reeses, will be a distinct addition to your home gallery.



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## DOLLARS AND DOUGHNUTS

THE HISTORY OF A SUCCESSFUL COOKING-SCHOOL

By THE TEACHER

WHEN I was first confronted with the problem of making a living for myself and my child I was on the verge of despair. My husband

had died very suddenly, and my child was a mere infant whom I could not even consider leaving in order to take a position which would necessitate my absence from home all day.

It was a situation which called for all the reserve power I possessed, but when I faced it squarely I found unsuspected forces within myself which made me able both to meet it and to cope with it successfully. That was more than ten years ago; so I am now able to look back and consider my struggles and difficulties quite calmly.

I made a mental inventory of my talents and my accomplishments, with the idea of deciding which of them possessed any possibilities of commercial value. The result of my self-examination was the honest acknowledgement that, while I had had a fairly liberal education, the one thing I could do better than anything else was to cook. With this in mind, my idea for my trade came to me. I would start a cooking-school for women and young girls.

Having made my plan I started to work the next day to secure pupils for my class. I went to see several of my friends and laid my plans before them, asking them to assist me by speaking of my class to any young housekeepers they met, and also to mothers with young daughters. With their assistance and from my own memory, I made a list

of possible patrons and wrote notes to them, telling them briefly my plan, my hours, and terms. Then I set my kitchen, pantry, and dining-room in perfect order, putting away all things that were not to be used in my lessons or demonstrations, and making the rooms look as large and attractive as possible.

The beginning of the following week saw my first class assembled for lessons. It consisted of five pupils.

My price was the small sum of one dollar a week, so that the first week's earnings amounted to five dollars. The second week the class grew to thirteen, and my courage mounted in proportion to the increase in pupils. Before three weeks were over, eighteen pupils were enrolled, and from this time my class always numbered between eighteen and twenty-five young girls and women.

Realizing that there is always a pleasant, as well as an unpleasant, way in which



I TRIED FROM THE FIRST TO MAKE MY INSTRUCTION BOTH A PLEASURE AND A PROFIT TO MY PUPILS

to impart knowledge, I tried from the first to make my instruction both a pleasure and a profit to my pupils. Our mornings were devoted to cooking. My classes learned to make the simple, everyday dishes first, and more difficult or unusual dishes later. Good bread was one of my

[Concluded on page 85]



## DOLLARS AND DOUGHNUTS

[Continued from page 82]

specialties, and all of my pupils were excellent bread-makers when they left my class. After several months of my morning cooking-school, some of my pupils urged me to give them lessons in sewing, and as the number seemed sufficient to justify me, I organized a sewing-class, with lessons from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, at a price of fifty cents a week for each pupil. This two hours a day of afternoon work soon added from five to six dollars a week to my earnings.

SOME of my pupils who took lessons in both cooking and sewing did not wish to go home to luncheon, so I arranged to have them lunch with me, at a charge of fifteen cents each, I buying the material and they preparing the meal.

Four of my pupils who were orphan girls persuaded me to take them into my home as boarders, and I consented to do this on condition that they would assist me with my work at busy times, as I employed only one maid. I charged them only two dollars and one-half a week, and they were delighted with the arrangement.

The first year I saved two hundred dollars, after having paid the taxes and insurance on my home and the living expenses of myself and little child. In a few years my work increased to such an extent that I took as an assistant one of my pupils, a young widow.

AT the end of seven years from the time I had started my little cooking-class, I sold my house and business to my assistant, as I had decided to marry again and go to make a home for my husband and seven-year-old child in another town.

For this seven years' work I had two thousand dollars, net gain, to show. Besides this, I had accomplished what was much more important than the two thousand dollars—a comfortable home for myself and child during all that time, and lessons that were of real value to my pupils. Of the worth of my instruction I am confident, for not only did most of my pupils remain my devoted friends, but many a husband has thanked me for the value my school has been to his home.

My former assistant to whom I sold out my cooking-school still has the house and the school, and is still making a good living from her classes. She has paid for the house, and is making a good income.

*Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.*

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## ROSES IN DESERT PLACES

[Continued from page 24]

can obliterate the years in between and go back and find it again? Your chances are worse than nothing.

"I know the temptation. But why give way to it? The price is too great!"

"I'll pay any price," he interposed, eagerly.

"No, you won't. In the first place, you haven't got the price—the price that she and youth demand. In the second place, you won't because you didn't pay the price that would have insured our happiness today. Not that I am blaming you—no more did I. And the price you didn't pay is a thousand times less than that you propose to pay."

He shook his head, stubbornly.

"Ten years from now, you will be sixty-two; she will be thirty. Do you think she will love you then, even if you feel sure that she loves you now?"

"She loves me now, I'm sure. That is enough."

"No, she doesn't," answered his wife, her voice becoming very gentle again. He started to voice an angry remonstrance, but she hurried on. "Stop! I know what I am talking about. She admires you—what girl of her station wouldn't? She is dazzled by you—most women are, in some degree. She is vastly flattered by the proposal you made her—who can blame her? She looks forward, or rather she looked forward to the great adventure you had outlined, with pleasureful anticipation. But she doesn't love you, Ned—love you as I loved you twenty years ago. She doesn't love you so much that nothing in the world would make her give you up. Ned—I know!"

There was in her eyes, as well as her words, that which frightened him.

"What—what have you done?" he asked, breathlessly, fearfully.

She looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I have done my duty. I have put temptation out of your way. Ned, you know how attractive she is—did you never think that somebody else must have told her so; that somebody else must have made love to her, perhaps awakened love in her? If not, you were wrong. She had been pledged to a young mining-engineer for almost two years. But he was out west, you were here. He was poor, you are rich. And you are, I grant you, attractive. I'm not saying that she didn't love you—some. But she loved him more—it was what you had that turned the balances against him."

"You—you knew about her!"

"Of course. I'm not a fool. I talked to her, not as a wronged wife, but as a friend. Then I wrote him, her old sweetheart. It was hard to keep him from breaking the traces. Naturally, he was hurt, grieved, resentful. . . . They were married at three o'clock this after-

noon. She told me to tell you that she was sorry, and to ask you to forgive her."

"And I sent her away this afternoon so that you might not see her here in the office!" He bowed his head on his hands. She looked at him, a moment, and then leaned over him.

"Ned," she said, "I—I cried when I sent young Withington away last night. It seemed as I had lost something that I would never have again. I told myself over and over that it would be foolish, that we couldn't be happy; that young Withington was no mate for me, in years, experience, or in thought. I knew it with my mind, yet my heart felt desolate. And then it came to me—came to me in a flash. It wasn't Withington—it wasn't he that I was crying for—it was because I was shutting the door on life. I want so much to be young—to keep young—to live. I don't want to think I shall never feel again. I don't want to be old."

"I know that I loved you when we were married, you say you loved me. We have drifted apart. As you say, you have your orbit, I have mine. We are almost strangers. We have both lost something—something infinitely precious. I have felt it, and you have felt it. Love is the gift of the gods; the spirit of immortal youth that Ponce de Leon searched for."

She sprang back.

"Ned," she cried, "look at me." Her voice, ringing clarion-clear, carried a subtle note of challenge. Her eyes were bright, her vivid mouth eager. She blushed as rosily and as prettily as a girl. "I am beautiful, am I not? Almost as beautiful as she? If you had never seen me, never known me, wouldn't you like to know me now? Oh, Ned—can't you see it—the possibilities? You don't know me—you haven't known me for years. And I don't know you. We are strangers."

"I—I don't love you, Ned, but I'm not sure that I couldn't love you if I knew you. I admired—I do admire you, immensely. I think that, inside your mind, you must have been storing up a lot of interesting thoughts I have never heard of, during the last ten years. And I—I am supposed to be quite charming and—quite intelligent, myself. Perhaps—you might learn to love me. I've got heaps and heaps of interesting things to talk about that you've never heard about."

"Ned, do you remember, when we were poor, we used to plan how, when we were rich, we would go around the world—everywhere?" Her eyes were glowing; the little girl that never grew up and never would grow up danced in her eyes. "Then we got so busy that we never could go away, together. But I have always wanted to go. I planned to go with my husband,

[Continued on page 85]



## ROSES IN DESERT PLACES

[Continued from page 84]

not a stranger—but then, strangers are apt to be—so interesting. Ned, can you understand—will you come?"

He started to speak, but she checked him, as if fearful of his answer.

"I—I know it's quite scandalous, asking a comparative stranger to elope with me this way—but—but, if it were done at all, 'twere well it were done quickly. I—I should like to sail soon, just you and I, without even a maid."

Edward Eastman stared at his wife—stared at her as a man who sees one whom he has long believed dead. And it was something very like that he saw—the girl who, twenty years ago, he had impetuously caught in his arms and kissed with dizzy, passionate abandon, for the first time. He felt as if age had come upon him during the last hour as his wife had said it would come some day; suddenly, as night falls upon the tropic day. He felt desolate, yet he knew that she was right. His brain had accepted, while his heart revolted from the truths she had spoken. It was his desire to live, yes, and to love—to fling defiance in the face of Father Time, that the other woman had meant to him.

But youth had mated with youth, Father Time had slammed the door in his face and left him outside. He remembered, inconsequently, how, at twenty, he had wondered if he would live to be fifty. He recalled that, to him then, fifty had seemed, not exactly extreme old age, but comparative old age. He winced at the inevitable question in his mind.

He had traded youth in exchange for success; then he had tried to command youth with success—and youth had mocked him. And now came his wife's amazing proposition. The defiance that he had flung at age and which had been flung back to him, she had picked up and hurled anew. As she spoke, it was as if the years slipped from her. What had she to do with age, or with him? She was right. They were strangers. Yet her challenge left him lethargic. He was too sick in heart, too spent with emotion.

"Let's try it, Ned," she said, softly. "It will be like trying to make the roses grow—in the desert places."

Roses in the desert places! The phrase carried him back through the years. It touched his first great enthusiasm—the irrigation project that would make the desert bloom. The reclamation of lands gone arid. The imagery fired his imagination. He reached out and caught her hand, not as the young lover impetuously captures the hand of his sweetheart, but as a man, beset by doubts, engulfed in a whirlpool of emotion, grips the hand of a friend for the sense of tangibility and security it gives.

[Concluded on page 86]

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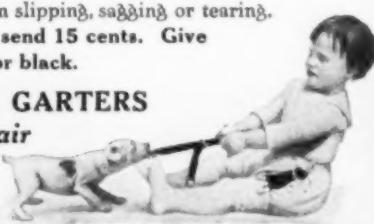
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## ROSES IN DESERT PLACES

[Continued from page 85]

"I'm afraid I'm in the desert places," he said, a bit unsteadily, "and I think you are the roses. I'm not sure you can find what you need—what we need—but let's try."

Even as he spoke, he felt that a look, a word, or a fugitive tenderness that would remind him of the other woman would shatter this fantastic agreement. He dreaded some unapt touch which might set to quivering emotions still raw. But—

"Let's shake hands on it," was all she said. He did so, quite eagerly—and she was gone.

Four months later they were in the Orient. And they had eyes neither for the beauty of the night, nor the glory of the moon, which was exuberantly full.

"You haven't answered my question," he said, accusingly.

"When a lady refuses to answer a question, a gentleman respects her reasons for silence," she returned, lightly. Then she added, "Besides, it's only a few weeks since—"

"Caroline, stop!" he commanded passionately. "I was a fool. I didn't know you. Tell me that you do care!"

"I'm not sure—you see, I don't know you very well yet," she parried. Then her hand reached for his. "Oh, can't you understand?" she cried. "The roses want to grow—have always wanted to grow—if the desert would only let them."

## BRAIDED RUGS

By C. U. W.

TO make braided rugs, cut strips of thin material six inches wide and thick material three inches wide. Cut the strips as long as possible, and always on the straight of the goods.

Sew the ends of the strips together neatly, on the machine if possible. The seams must come on the same side of the strip, so they may be turned under and kept out of sight.

Fold the six-inch strips down the center, making them three inches wide. Then fold one inch on each side of the strip in toward the center. This will leave the finished strip one inch wide.

When the strips have been sewed together and folded, press flat with a hot iron, or run through a wringer.

Select three harmonizing colors and braid them together, holding the strips so that the flat sides will remain on top. Cotton and woolen materials may be used together. When sewing the braid into rugs, take all the stitches on the wrong side.



## A RAINY-DAY DEVICE

By MRS. J. J. FLEMING

**I**N bad weather a busy mother can find instructive and interesting amusement for the little ones, by converting an ordinary lap-board into a tile of pegs. Have a carpenter, or your husband, bore a square of holes in the under side of the board, ten each way, about half an inch apart. As many can be made as desired, according to the size of the board.

The pegs, of course, can be bought at little cost from a kindergarten supply house, but I have used matches with the heads broken off. By placing the board on a low stool, the children can sit around it. The little hands soon learn, with only a few instructions, how to make circles, squares, rectangles, triangles, etc. Most of the letters of the alphabet also can be formed by the pegs. Counting, adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, come to them naturally with this play.

When they have tired of the pegs, take them away for a few days, and then return them, some of the pegs now being colored, and some as they were. I have used simple dyes for this purpose, but pegs in the primary colors can be purchased.

The corn game is a good one. Call the white sticks the grain which the farmer plants in the spring; two or three rows of green pegs, the growing plants; a row of yellow pegs represents the corn ripe and ready for the farmer to gather; and a last line of brown shows the stalks after Jack Frost has come and touched them.

Tree stories, with different colored sticks for leaves in the spring, autumn, and winter, delight them. A sheep game, with the white pegs for sheep, the yellow for wolves, and the brown for good dogs to defend the sheep, keeps them happy.

I believe, however, that children enjoy most the soldier game. While I am not inclined to encourage a martial spirit in children, I find that, later, the history lessons in school are not so dry, if the names of battles and generals have become familiar in play. We usually have the Revolutionary War, with the red pegs as British, and the blue as "our men." We arrange twenty or thirty at each end of the board ready to attack the other side. "Attacking" consists in a child moving a peg in each hand as quickly as possible. If one peg falls or fails to stand upright in the next hole it is "dead." This requires quick, careful work, and as no second trial is allowed, the training of hand and eye is beneficial. Naturally, the side having most "dead men" is the defeated one. The mother, as she sees about her baking, sewing, or mending, can superintend the game, to be sure of fair play. By the time Washington has succeeded in bringing about the event at Yorktown, the bread is done, the darning finished, father has come home, and the wee ones have forgotten the rain.



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## OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS

[Continued from page 21]

the comparison is to my discredit. I might, of course, tell Mother that if she doesn't feel well she can let her work slide, where I can't. I might also tell her how it feels to stick at the office for a whole day when one is sometimes ill enough to be in bed. But what is the use? Mother has never been to business, and doesn't understand.

"Mother scrimps on meals, but, mother-like, not on mine. There are always the daintiest dishes for me, while Mother has pick-ups, and only clever maneuvering on my part can alter matters in that direction. Why won't mothers realize that they have as strong a right to good things as the children?

"On the matter of clothes, Mother really does try my patience awfully. She is the nicest-looking little mother a girl ever had; but when she goes out, she will persist in wearing the shabbiest clothes you ever saw, while perfectly good ones hang unused in the wardrobe. Mother is 'saving' them, of course; but doesn't realize the caustic remarks some people are wont to pass on shabby mothers and well-dressed daughters.

"There is one matter in which Mother's economy takes a decidedly serious turn, and that is on the question of her personal health. Mother is very particular about my health, but when she is ill, she doesn't see the 'sense' of paying a physician's fee while she can doctor herself. So Mother lets herself go, and in a recent case serious illness was the result. I only hope that that experience will make her more careful in future.

"I wish I had the nerve to speak to Mother frankly, and at length, upon all this economizing of hers. I have tried to, often, but have found that even a slight touching on the subject has done neither of us any good. How can I tell Mother that the better she is to herself, the longer she and I will be together?

"Mother's aim in life is to increase our bank account for me, but of what moment will a good bank balance be to me when Mother will have passed on?"

### Should He Marry?

I AM a bachelor in the middle forties. At present, I am living with and caring for an aged and all but helpless mother. I have a housekeeper who waits upon my mother, and manages affairs of the household while I am necessarily absent at work, but I am obliged to spend every possible moment at home, and have the care of the invalid at night. I am the 'baby of the family,' and as such my mother clings to me with especial tenderness. I earn a modest salary, and with care we manage to make ends meet.

"Now the problem is this: I am not a bachelor from choice. Although I am busy, day and night, there is a fearful void in my life, a sense of aloneness, that amounts really, at time, to misery. I am a social being, and love to entertain and to be entertained. I would be glad to marry, and maintain a home and a social position, however humble, such as only the possession of a wife and a home affords. But how can I ask a young woman to take up the burden of a paralytic, helpless old lady, no matter how patient and uncomplaining she may be—and a better-natured old lady never lived—who may live several years, and who must have almost constant attendance? There are brothers and sisters who are in a position to take her into their homes and care for her; but she is wedded to her own home, and, as before said, she clings to me with such affection that if I were to leave her I verily believe she would die. Moreover, our combined incomes would not allow the installation of a permanent nurse and companion, besides the regular outlay for a modest household.

"What am I to do? I am not unattractive, and have many good friends among the women I know, and I think I could persuade the one of my choice to become Mrs. Bachelor, if I could feel that that was the right thing to do.

"The other alternative, as I see it, is to wait patiently until my mother goes to her reward, and then to attempt to gather up the remnants of happiness that may be left for me. In the meantime, my good friends will have betaken themselves to other homes and interests, and I may find it impossible to gain what I so much desire—a companion and a home. Not a very delectable prospect, to be sure!

"I do not write in a whining or complaining spirit. I am stating the facts as I see them, and am willing to meet whatever fortune may send with steady courage and cheerful acquiescence."

### Should We Uproot the Old?

BEFORE my marriage I supported my mother, except that she rented out some rooms, and so had the satisfaction of feeling herself independent. She has a consuming spirit of independence in a body frail and broken. Because of her delicate health and tragic life, I have always attended her with a loving, indulgent sympathy, never entertaining any thought but that she should always live with me.

"Nevertheless, in my youth and eagerness to accept the apparent inevitability of my love and marriage, I was not thinking as much of my mother's situation as I imagined I was. I am not even sure that I

[Concluded on page 90]

## SUMMER FURNISHINGS

LITTLE TOUCHES THAT ADD TO THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE HOME

By MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE

THE furnishing of the summer home is always an entertaining task, for each year there are new and attractive designs in hangings and furniture which are more beautiful and more acceptable than those of last season. We have learned, from this great advancement, many lessons in the choice of furniture. We have learned, too, that no material is more suitable for hangings than cotton goods in the new and artistic forms. Dyers are producing a s many and almost as beautiful colors in cotton as in wool and silk. The material is always cool to the touch, and well adapted for warm-weather needs. The housekeeper of to-day can purchase rugs and draperies, furniture coverings and window curtains all of cotton, yet equip each room perfectly from the standpoint of color.

The piazza, while really the outside of the summer home, is an all-important feature as the family rendezvous, and it may fairly be said to be the keynote of the interior of the house.

LIGHTNESS and daintiness are its first essentials, and they are found in wicker and willow furniture, both of which are shown in an interesting variety. On a properly-equipped piazza, afternoon tea served out of doors becomes a fascinating function. Tea-tables of willow, with glass tops, are both serviceable and attractive. The round one can be placed in a convenient corner and utilized for different purposes throughout the day. Chairs of all kinds and sizes are to be found in suitable designs, but the chair that suggests ideal summer comfort is an easy one with wide arms and baskets at the sides in which can be kept a bit of fancy work, the book in process of reading, and other equipment for an afternoon spent out of doors.

The perfect piazza is equipped with rugs or runners. New ones are made of cotton in dull, rich, warm tones that make a delightful foundation for the wicker furniture. They are durable, thoroughly artistic in color and design, and wear well. Rugs, a table, and chairs, make the

essentials for the piazza outfit. Cushions, preferably, are of the removable sort, and should be numerous. Among the novelties of the season are cotton materials woven in tiny figures, some in two-toned effects, some combining colors. These make ideal summer hangings.

Of course, silk pillows are always desirable and attractive. Even denim has been greatly improved of late, and the new output shows charming colors and designs.

THE complete piazza includes a wheeled tea-cart, with glass tray, that can be brought out at need, and a swinging couch in one corner. But even without these additions it can be made an interesting and even fascinating index to the house beyond.

While there are beautiful linen hangings, and linen may well be chosen for rooms of more formal use, cotton should equip the bedroom and living-room, and the cotton rug may be used throughout, in case economy must be practised.

Japanese cotton rugs are delightful in

color and texture; nothing better for the dining - room and sitting-room being procurable. It is now the fashion to use, up-stairs, the quaint rag carpets of our grandmother's days, reproduced in single tones that are very fetching. Whether the room is to

be blue or pink, cool green or yellow, the rag rug will meet its need, and while matting are always standbys and always used, the variegated effect of the new rag rugs has precedence.

In the summer home, coolness is the first requisite. Pictures, if used at all, should be of the simplest sort, such as prints and water-colors. Bedrooms and boudoirs may be developed in flower effects, each room making a complete picture in itself. For this purpose there are wall-papers, showing the various flowers in shadow effects, which are very distinctive, and which give the soft, comfortable tone that belongs to the ideal summer home. To accompany them are cretonnes woven in harmonious designs, and the room furnished with a rag rug of pink and white, the wall covered with a rose paper, is perfect.

[Concluded on page 91]



THE COMPLETE PIAZZA INCLUDES A TEA-CART AND SWINGING COUCH



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## OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS

[Continued from page 88]

I talked the matter over with her fully. I assumed, with the hasty unwisdom of selfish youth, that all would be well; and I uprooted her and carried her and her household possessions away to my new home. She must have let herself be swayed unduly by her long attachment for me. I was all she had. But, even so, and though she has me still, she has never been satisfied since. The adaptation to a different life has been hard for her. She feels that she should have stayed in her own place, had her own things and friends about her, and been in a measure independent. She thinks if I had left her where she was, she could have done this; but now she is too old and feeble to re-establish herself.

"I endeavor in every way to make her feel that my home is her home. I encourage her to do what she likes in the house, but she can not feel quite free. I ask her opinion about all furnishings and all changes, and she is interested and helpful; but she recurs unfailingly to the idea that this is not her home and that she is accomplishing nothing by living in it, dependent.

"Now I understand how she feels, and I am deeply sorry. The problem wears on me and depresses me. My husband, who has provided a pleasant and comfortable home for two women, wonders why I weep about my mother, and represent her always as a pathetic figure. And even she, at times, when the fire of independence burns hottest, accuses me of lack of understanding, and says when I am her age I shall know. But I am knowing, now, and the knowledge brings no remedy.

"To young people contemplating marriage, I should say: Be very slow to uproot your mother if she has any corner in the world which she can call her own; or you, too, may have a problem that will rise between you and your husband, and you and your mother, and leave you stranded alone to grapple with an irremediable situation in many an hour of despair."

*Editor's Note.—What would be your solution of the problems printed above? See page 7 for further details.*

## TO REMOVE INK FROM WOOD

By L. M. THORNTON

SWEET spirits of nitre will remove ink spots from wood. Rub the spots with nitre until the wood turns white and then with a soft cloth dipped in oil or kerosene. If the ink spot is very old or very dark a second application may be necessary.

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## SUMMER FURNISHINGS

[Continued from page 89]

Any pretty bedroom furniture is appropriate, but the newest designs are shown in white enamel combined with cane, the caning making the seats of the chairs quite artistic as well as light and durable. In the rose room, chairs should be supplied with pillows of cretonne, and the bed covered with a spread of white net on which flowers cut from the cretonne have been applied. Curtains of cretonne should shade the windows, and daintier curtains of white Colonial net should be placed directly against the glass.

THE present fancy for cretonne has caused its use in all manner of devices for housefurnishing, and especially in the furnishings for summer. Not only do cretonne hangings and cushions appear, but the material is used under glass tops for the dressing-table and even for the writing-table or desk of the pretty bedroom or the summer sitting-room. Under glass it also makes a very decorative and useful mat for the table or desk lamp. When cretonne to match the hangings of the room is used in such ways, it gives a very charming touch of added harmony to a room.

Another present fancy which is inexpensive and little trouble is to ornament the one-colored walls with a few brightly tinted birds cut out of wall-paper, and stuck on at rare and irregular intervals. When few pictures are used these paper birds may be very effective, if used sparingly and in harmonious colors.

Below-stairs, wall-paper should be kept in single colors. Two-toned stripes are preferable for reception and sitting-rooms, and flat tones for the dining-room. In the hall, greater freedom is allowed, and among the summer novelties is found a Japanese paper suitable for the hall, giving a silk effect with figures in monotone. Dull browns and greens are favorites for such use.

WILLOW and rattan furniture are in the best of taste for the living-room; and for the dining-room, if mahogany is prohibitive, the beautiful birch and other light woods are good substitutes. In all the down-stairs rooms dainty, filmy curtains may shade the glass, and a slight drapery be hung at the sides of the wood-work, to fall in graceful folds to the floor. In furnishing a country home, there is always a specialfad that makes a pretty ornamentation. For this, stenciling is constantly growing in favor. As handsome dining-room hangings as need be used or wished for, are made of hand-woven linen crash with stenciled borders in monotone, or a plain madras whose lower borders are stenciled in oak leaves and ferns.

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# THE LARGEST BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 19]

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It really was a luncheon! The corn-meal pudding was swimming in jam.

Afterwards, I began to think better of the meal. It had been pleasant to eat, and it had been carefully planned to maintain health. When we had gone on through

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Potatoes .....	600 gr
Olive Oil .....	15 gr
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**Breakfast:**

Cocoa .....	30 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Salt Fish .....	150 gr
Potatoes .....	800 gr
Margarine .....	30 gr
Mustard .....	15 gr

**Supper:**

Rice .....	100 gr
Dried Fruits .....	50 gr
Sausage .....	90 gr
Potato Flour .....	20 gr

### TUESDAY

**Breakfast:**

Coffee .....	5 gr
Chicory .....	7.5 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Fresh Beef .....	125 gr
Potatoes .....	750 gr
French Beans .....	150 gr

**Supper:**

Potatoes .....	600 gr
Herrings .....	160 gr

### WEDNESDAY

#### Breakfast:

Cocoa .....	30 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Corned Beef .....	30 gr
Soya Beans .....	100 gr
White Cabbage .....	300 gr
Potatoes .....	750 gr

**Supper:**

Pea Soup with Bacon .....	70 gr
Maize Flour .....	50 gr
Bacon .....	20 gr

### THURSDAY

**Breakfast:**

Coffee .....	5 gr
Chicory .....	7.5 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Dried Cod .....	150 gr
Potatoes .....	800 gr
Olive Oil .....	30 gr

**Supper:**

String Beans .....	90 gr
Potatoes .....	700 gr
Bacon .....	40 gr

### FRIDAY

**Breakfast:**

Cocoa .....	30 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Mutton .....	120 gr
Maize Flour .....	40 gr
Dried Vegetables .....	40 gr
Potatoes .....	400 gr

**Supper:**

Unpeeled Potatoes .....	600 gr
Herrings .....	160 gr

### SATURDAY

**Breakfast:**

Coffee .....	5 gr
Chicory .....	7.5 gr
Sugar .....	30 gr

**Dinner:**

Bacon .....	30 gr
Soya Beans .....	100 gr
Potatoes .....	750 gr

**Supper:**

Pea Soup with Bacon .....	70 gr
Maize Flour .....	50 gr
Bacon .....	30 gr

THE ABOVE MENU, CHANGED FROM WEEK TO WEEK, IS PRINTED, IN SINGLE COLUMN, ON THE MARGIN OF ALL THE STATIONERY GIVEN THE PRISONERS

"All the same," said R—, "I'm glad I'm not one of the million and a half, and that my Minna has a more generous budget and more time to fret over my little peculiarities."

the laboratories and seen the tiny main-springs so perfectly at work, there was nothing but admiration left, and a prayer that if America ever found herself at war,

[Continued on page 93]



## THE LARGEST BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 92]

we should create a boarding-house system one-half so wonderful.

The camps under Dr. Backhaus' direction are spread all over Germany. His office in Berlin is really a thousand-eyed clearing house that sets the standard, oversees the buying, and takes the responsibility.

It is he who makes arrangements whereby the positions of cooks are taken by the chemists of the empire who will understand and help him in working out scientific standards.

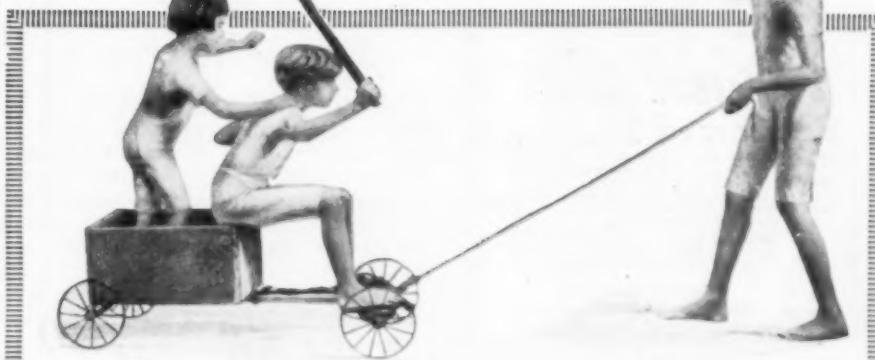
It is he who first meets the boarding-house problems. For example, it was very soon discovered that what suited Paul Le Blanche, prisoner from Marseilles, was not the diet for Ivan Agafonoff from Moscow; and Professor Backhaus decided to experiment on cooking the national preferences of his boarders. As a beginning, he called in three Russians. He wanted to know precisely how many potatoes it took to make a Russian say: "We have enough." The Russians sat down. They ate. They kept on eating. They did not stop at all. When they were approaching four times the number he very well knew it takes to keep a man in good health, Professor Backhaus cried halt. But that one experiment, added to a thousand other experiences, has brought the boarding-house keeper to a generalization:

"Russians want quantity; the French like quality; the English don't like anything, anyhow, and there's no use trying to please them."

The French prisoners are the prize prisoners. They are always interested in the details of how their camps are run. Sunday night in the French camps is a gala occasion, for the prisoners get about seven million letters and parcels of food a month, forwarded by the Swiss government, from their families in France, and always save their parcels until Sunday night; then they open their white bread and jam, and their little jars of fat, and make merry.

Professor Backhaus approves heartily of this orderly celebrating, and for a quite typical economical German reason. If they all celebrate at once, he can shorten their made-in-Germany dinner, and with the few pennies saved, give them a second treat in the middle of the week. It's all very like the boarding-house keeper we all of us know who looks on with pride as her boarders eat the chicken and ice-cream she provides for a weekly treat. Professor Backhaus is more varied. Sometimes, he buys a violin for a camp, so that those who miss their cabaret can eat their black bread to a tune. Or he invests in oranges—oranges that nine-tenths of the population of Germany have had to do without

[Continued on page 94]



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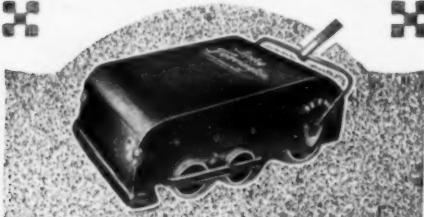
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## THE LARGEST BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 93]

since the faraway August when the cruel times began. And you must not doubt that the prisoners like it, for it is difficult to provide a varied diet when the price of meat is high, and all the rice and spices that used to come from the colonies have been shut out.

Sometimes, Professor Backhaus is almost funny in his anxiety to please his patrons. He even shows concern for his boarders' wives. It occurred to him that women elsewhere must be weeping bitter tears whenever they read that prisoners in Germany were being starved. Promptly he provided his camps with stationery, for the prisoners to use in writing home, bearing printed menus on the margins, and opposite each article of food the reassuring per cents. of albumens, fats, and carbohydrates. It would never occur to a good German Professor that Bill Jones' Sarah off in London knew naught of scientific diets—of grams and calories!

Of course, Prof. Backhaus does not go to market, as my own little pension-keeper did, with a basket over his arm. Instead, he has buyers, hundreds of them, all through middle Europe and the neutral countries. He chooses men to work for him who, in the old days, could drive hard bargains in their own trades—a meat buyer from Leipzig, a ship's chandler from Bremen. They know their business, and they extract all products at a patriotic price. No one dares cheat the men from the Fatherland's boarding-house. None is more canny, except perhaps the men who buy for the fighting army. Sometimes the two sets of buyers happen to compete, but these little slips in the system seldom occur. Prof. Backhaus' buyers have a million marks a day to spend, and they get their money's worth.

Those who wish to sell to the buyers strange, new products—war flour, war gelatines, war cookies, war jams—must send samples of their inventions and preparations to the laboratory, and, all day long, the laboratory assistants apply chemical tests to these and other products. They taste and taste, and only occasionally does a young assistant grumble.

"Our manufacturers are getting funny. Here's an old boy down at Düsseldorf who makes his jam entirely of carrots—next he'll be wanting us to buy pine knots for food! The blockade has gone to his head."

Very few of these substitute foods are really good, and Professor Backhaus, with his heart in his work, is a cold buyer. Still, he realizes the danger of monotony in diet, and in quite American fashion, he has several times held Chautauqua courses in Berlin, for cooks from the Rhine district, Schleswig, and Silesia, and given

[Concluded on page 95]

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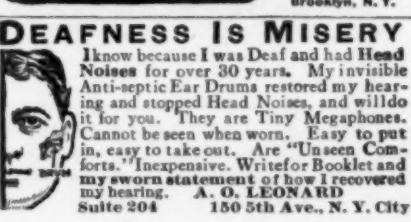
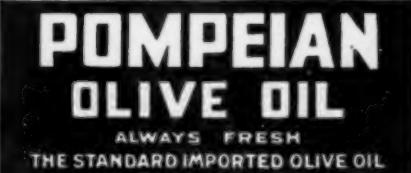


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## THE LARGEST BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 94]

them earnest lectures on how to make the potatoes assume disguises, how to vary a soup by a pinch of bayleaf Monday, a pepper on Tuesday, and extra carrots Wednesday. Many a mother would have a more contented family if she spent half the time working on variety in her menus.

When a thousand carloads of buckwheat fall into German hands, it is Professor Backhaus' business to find out how it may be converted into food. And that strange delicacy, buckwheat soup—acceptable, however, to Russian appetites—results. He has conferred upon the soya bean a new prominence and importance, for there it was, to be used for food, and the Professor's laboratory hummed with soya experiments until many nourishing dishes had been evolved and the soya bean was firmly implanted as a part of Germany's boarding-house dietary!

As for the record of the whole story, there must be a ton of neat reports now in Professor Backhaus' hands. Every week the camp commanders send their menus up to the capital of Prussia for inspection. And the watchful eye of Professor Backhaus, in the form of a dozen constantly traveling inspectors, goes poking into the farthest kitchens and questioning the boarders themselves as to whether they are suited. The melancholy joke of it is, of course, that they could not change if they were not suited; but, curiously enough, when Professor Backhaus published his book on his boarding-houses last year, the country's unwilling boarders were the first to buy it. As an Irish Tommy who had been in America put it: "Some boarding-house! I wish my old Aunt Maggie could get the same excitement out of hers that this man gets from feeding me!"

## MY OUTDOOR FIREPLACE

By MRS. M. E. KELLOGG

WHAT has given me a great deal of pleasure in summer is a home-made fireplace where I can do my cooking (with the exception of baking) and washing without being so warm.

This fireplace is so simple of construction that any woman could make it. Set up two piles of bricks about two feet high and three feet long, leaving one and one-half feet between or room enough to build a fire. Then procure a piece of heavy tin or sheet iron large enough to extend a little over the bricks, say two by three and one-half feet, and place over the bricks. Over this any food can be easily cooked.

What is more, fuel can be economized by burning any trash that may have accumulated. We set our table out under the trees, too, so that we have the pleasure of camping out without leaving home.

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### How to clear them

In trying to rid your skin of blemishes and unsightly spots, have you reckoned with the most frequent cause of these troubles?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. The following local treatment will clear your skin of any blemishes caused by this most powerful and persistent enemy.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then, dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this. Let it dry and remain on over night. In the morning wash again in your usual way with Woodbury's.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment with it every night until the blemishes disappear.

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A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and daily use. Get a cake today and begin at once to bring to your skin that greater clearness, freshness and charm you have longed for. Woodbury's is for sale by druggists and toilet counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

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## MAKING A WRITER OF MYSELF

[Continued from page 17]

When my first baby was born, my friends generally said one of two things. The first was that, of course, I would now stop work, and the second was that, of course, I would now write fiction. I had no notion of stopping work, and I stopped just twenty-eight days. Then I hired a secretary, dictated to her, and did nothing else but that and take care of the baby. I had piled up orders and information in advance, and the year following was by far my most successful one. I did my writing while my baby slept, from nine to twelve every morning. The odds and ends for the house and baby, I did in the afternoon. My secretary retyped for me, did investigating, and helped out when I needed her. I used her about two days a week.

I began to take my friends' advice about the fiction. And, right here, if I had had any illusions left, they would have received a severe jolt. I had to begin to learn almost all over again. True, in a way, I succeeded. About seventy-five per cent. of the stories sold, but I didn't need any one to tell me that, generally, they were far inferior to my article work. I had to learn to write stories. I went to work as I had before, studying the stories in the magazines, how they were built, how they managed dialogue, how they began, and how they ended. And I am improving. I sold them just as I did articles, sending out a synopsis and getting an order on the idea first.

My second baby arrived two years ago, one year and a half after the first, and, with the added duty, my writing time was cut to less than two hours a day. But the higher prices I was receiving more than made up for the loss. That year was by far my most successful from a financial standpoint.

There are some things I did not do. One of the girls of whom I spoke, who failed to make enough to live on, complained to me bitterly of the hardships of the work. That same week, I saw her on Fifth Avenue, parading at four in the afternoon, and I learned that she has been to an art exhibition and to a tea. I never attend art exhibitions or teas except as a matter of hunting for material. I work.

It has caused many a hearty laugh in the family when I tell them of the many, many women who inquire: "When is your best time for writing? Do you wait for inspiration?"

My best time for writing is any time I have time, although, like most people, I work when I am fresh and rested, in the morning. If I waited for inspiration, I should likely never write, as it would come slowly in such a full life. I work every day unless there is illness in the household. The year my second child was

born, I managed to compile a book, using some of the material which had been published, and adding more. The book found a publisher.

Another question frequently asked is: "Can you do it away from New York?"

Of course, there have been successful writers who have never lived in New York, but for a practical craftsman like myself it would be difficult. I do not live in New York, but I can reach it in two hours, and I find it makes a good deal of difference to me. If I had to make a beginning out of the city, I would do it in much the same way, by writing a synopsis and trying to get a tentative order in advance. But I should try to visit New York as often as I could. New York is the great magazine center and the great school of training for the ordinary writer.

And the third question is: "Do you believe any one could do it?"

No, I do not. There are few people who believe that they can write who are willing humbly to go to kindergarten and write of pots and pans. Many of the young women I know seem to think that writing is a Bohemian occupation largely composed of table d'hote dinners, late suppers, late rising, and "waiting for inspiration." They indulge in moods, they have "temperament," and cannot do this or that except at special moments. I have known men and women to succeed in spite of these things, never because of them. Writing, unless one is a singularly gifted person, is a matter of fluency in expression, a good vocabulary, and a determination to work. Even this does not mean success. To be successful commercially, there must be, in addition, some perception of the psychological epoch in which one lives. When people want to read about pots and pans, one must write about pots and pans. Otherwise, no matter how worthy the writing, no matter how gifted the writer, the work will never be published. Even a genius leads less than she interprets.

And, after all, no matter what ideals a writer possesses, they are valueless except to herself, unless she can get people to read them. The business of a professional writer is to sell her work. To do this she must study her public to know what they want, and then try to translate her ideals into their terms.

The final qualification for a successful craftsman is ability to live up to her word. In the early days, many editors told me that, of all their contributors, I was the one most reliable. If I promised an article for the fifteenth of the month, it arrived on the fifteenth of that month—no, it usually arrived not later than the fourteenth. I never undertook what I could

[Concluded on page 97]



## MAKING A WRITER OF MYSELF

[Continued from page 96]

not do in time, and I never crowded work so that I had to work nights, except in a few rare instances. A year ago, in a time of emergency, I walked four miles at midnight to post a manuscript that was due in the office the next day. It has been somewhat disconcerting that it still remains in the office, unpublished, but my part of the work was done on time.

I have never hesitated to decline work that was beyond my powers. Not long ago, the editor of one of the general magazines which has published some of my articles wrote, asking me to submit my next story. I replied frankly that my stories were not yet good enough for that magazine, that when they were, as far as I could tell, I would send them in and not waste his time, meanwhile. And while I am no believer in telling my troubles in the work, and always talk prosperity, I believe that this particular confession will do me good and not harm.

After six years, I find myself fairly well established. The work has grown much easier. Often, material collected for one article, I can use for a second article treating of the same subject from a different angle. I frankly tell the editor when I do a thing of this kind, and only once has there been an objection. At that time, I offered to refund the money for the second article; but the editor kept the article and said no more about it. I can look forward to a reasonable advance in both the quality of my work and the income it produces.

There is more that might be said. I might tell something of the joy of the work itself. But that is something that everyone seems to know, hence the many people who want to write. What is less understood is that writing, as a business, presents practically the same problems as other businesses, and that the writer who is unable to employ a business manager must meet these herself.

## PEA-POD SOUP

By E. M. G.

DO not throw away your fresh green pea-pods, especially if they come from your own kitchen garden. They contain as much food value as do the skins of the fruits we make into jellies. After you have shelled your peas, put the pods on to boil with as little water as possible. Cook until you think all the juice has been extracted (about half an hour). Then add scalded milk and thickening. Season well. You will find this soup as tasty as it is economical; and unless you disclose the secret yourself, your family will never guess its history.



We asked the artist what he considered the chief charm of beautiful hair and he said, "I look for three things: even color, brilliancy and a fluffiness that eliminates any hard, straight, definite lines." The easy attainment of just such hair results from proper care and choice of the right shampoo.

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### THE CHILDREN'S BATH

#### MAKING A GAME OF A TASK

By ANNE GUILBERT MAHON

BOB'S bath is a real trial," sighed a weary mother to a friend who had dropped in just after the evening bath of the children was over. "When he was a baby, he loved his bath and it was a pleasure to give it to him. But since he has grown old enough to play and romp, he has turned against it, and I have an actual struggle with him every time he has to be bathed. I dread

it and am worn out when it is over."

"It used to be just so with Freddy," sympathized the friend, "until I began to play bath with him, and to make him enjoy it. Now he looks forward to his tubbings, and really hates to get out of the bathtub."

"How do you manage it?" asked the other.

"I make a play of his bath all through. If it is easy to do that with children, you know. Anything in the nature of a play they will do, but if the same thing is held before them as stern necessity, they shrink from it. To make the bath as pleasant as I could, at first, when Freddy was quite small, I bought a few of the celluloid fishes and animals—swans, frogs, and ducks—which float on the water and do not shed their color. You can find them at any ten-cent store. When the time came for Freddy's bath, I had them swimming around in the tub. The novelty pleased him. He played with them all the time I was bathing him, and, for the first time, the bath was a pleasure, instead of a trial, to us both."

I PUT the little animals in their box after the bath and said they were only to be played with at bath-time. I kept them put away until his next bath, so that they did not lose their fascination by being played with. When the rubbing was done after each bath, I played that we were at a Turkish bath, and Freddy entered into the spirit of the play and really enjoyed it.

"Later I bought a box of the little celluloid fishes with rod and line, and he amused himself catching the fish while he was being bathed. If the room was warm, and the water the proper temperature, I considered that it did not hurt him to stay in a few minutes longer than usual, so that he could have a good play with his fish.

"One mother I know has a little sailboat which she allows her boy to play with while he is in the water. Another mother I heard about used a cake of ivory soap for a boat, sticking a small flag at either end of the cake. This was a great delight

[Concluded on page 99]



## THE CHILDREN'S BATH

[Continued from page 98]

to the baby. Any mother could improvise such a bark.

"Of course nothing should be put in the bath from which the color might run, but the colors of the celluloid fishes and animals are fast and do not tinge the water in the least. A plain wooden boat would not discolor the water, but the painted varieties should be avoided.

SO many times children dread the bath because the mother, who is perhaps in a hurry, is not as careful and gentle as she means to be. Faces are sometimes rubbed the wrong way. Soap gets into little eyes, and the bath is a source of discomfort and often pain to the child. Naturally he will dread it and fight against it on this account. The temperature of the water, too, is often the cause of a child's dislike to be bathed. If it is even a trifle too hot or too cold, he will suffer.

"I once had great trouble about shampooing Freddy's hair. It was very heavy and thick—he wore it blocked—and shampooing times used to be dreaded by both of us until I began playing barber. He had once seen a man get his hair shampooed when I took him to the barber's to have his trimmed, and he was fascinated.



The suggestion that we play shampooing at the barber's worked like a charm. I was as formal as could be, conversed with him as the barber would with a customer, gave him a towel to hold to his eyes, so that the soap and water would not get into them, and was careful to do everything as nearly as possible as it would be done at a hairdressing establishment. Now we play barber whenever it is time to shampoo Freddy's hair, and the work is done much more quickly than before, and with pleasure instead of discomfort to us both."

I HAVE a strenuous time shampooing Bobby's hair," laughed Bobby's mother. "I shall certainly try your plan."

"Children will do so much more, you know," said her friend, "if it can only be presented to them in the spirit of play, instead of as a duty. It takes no longer—in fact, not half so long—to make play of such tasks, as it does to struggle with an unwilling, difficult child, and it requires far less expenditure of strength and nerve force on the part of the mother."

"I shall certainly try your method next time," said the mother of Bobby.

"I am sure you will find it worth while," answered her friend, "and that the bath will come to be a pleasure to you both."



## My Corns Are Eternal

I've pared them a hundred times. I've tried a dozen treatments which they told me would end them.

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But the corns remain, as kill-joys for every occasion. And I can't believe that anyone knows how to really end a corn.

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## My Corns Left Years Ago

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FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—I have often tried to sew on satin or like material with chapped hands, and find it a very hard thing to do. I tried pouring a little vinegar into my hands and letting it dry in, and found that I could then sew on satin or similar material with the softest of hands.—H. C. T., Hobart, New York.

REMOVING GREASE FROM THE FLOOR.—If you have the misfortune to spill grease upon your kitchen floor, let it cool, scrape up all you can, and then pour a few drops of alcohol on the spot, wipe it off and add a few more drops, enough to cover spot. Let this remain a short time, and again wipe the spot with a clean cloth. The grease spot will have disappeared.—Mrs. E. R., North Lawrence, New York.

MENDING LEAKY OVERSHOES.—Leaky overshoes may be made water-tight by pasting adhesive tape over the hole on the inside of the rubber. The same remedy may be applied successfully to torn raincoats and umbrellas.—V. D., Newark, New Jersey.

ONE WAY OF COOKING PEAS.—To cook peas, throw them, pods and all, into a kettle of boiling water, after washing and discarding those that are spoiled. When done, the pods rise to the surface while the peas stay at the bottom. Peas cooked in this way have a fine flavor and are sweeter than those cooked by the method usually employed.—L. L., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

TO SAVE THE JUICE OF MEAT.—When broiling meat, if the platter on which it is to be served is placed in the dripping-pan directly under the meat, all the juices will drop into the dish. This method saves every drop of gravy, and obviates the necessity of washing the dripping-pan.—V. D., Newark, New Jersey.

KEEPING CLIPPED PICTURES.—An excellent plan for keeping clipped pictures in a scrap-book, is to use passe-partout for pasting them down, instead of photograph paste. This makes a neat frame or finish for a picture, is agreeable to handle, and does away with the possibility of the

picture wrinkling, if it is on thin paper. Either paste a band of the passe-partout all around the picture, so that it has the appearance of being mounted, or else paste the picture down with a band of the passe-partout across each corner, or two diagonally opposite corners.—E. A. W.

TO REDUCE THE COAL BILL.—With foods that require long cooking, such as stews, soups, meats, etc., and especially on ironing day when a long, even heat is desired, I burn old tin cans in the kitchen range, and thereby save a great amount of coal. When the fire is hot, put in a couple of old tin cans, and the degree and steadiness of heat and also the length of time approximately the same temperature is maintained are most remarkable. The cans are easily removed, when the heat slackens, by the use of an old pair of shears or pinchers. My coal bill for the kitchen range has been reduced many dollars in this way during a few months.—F. K. A., Freeport, Long Island.

DEVICE FOR HANGING CLOTHES TEMPORARILY.—An emergency clothes-closet may be arranged in any room or alcove, without disfiguring the walls, by the use of picture hooks, picture wire, coat, and skirt hangers. Attach to the picture molding as many picture wire hooks as will be necessary to hold the required number of hangers. Fasten one end of the wire to the picture hook and the other end to the hanger. If garments are heavy, it is best to double the wire. The garments will lie flat against the wall and may be hidden from sight by a screen.—V. D., Newark, New Jersey.

*Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution, and a special prize of five dollars for the best original item each month. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.*

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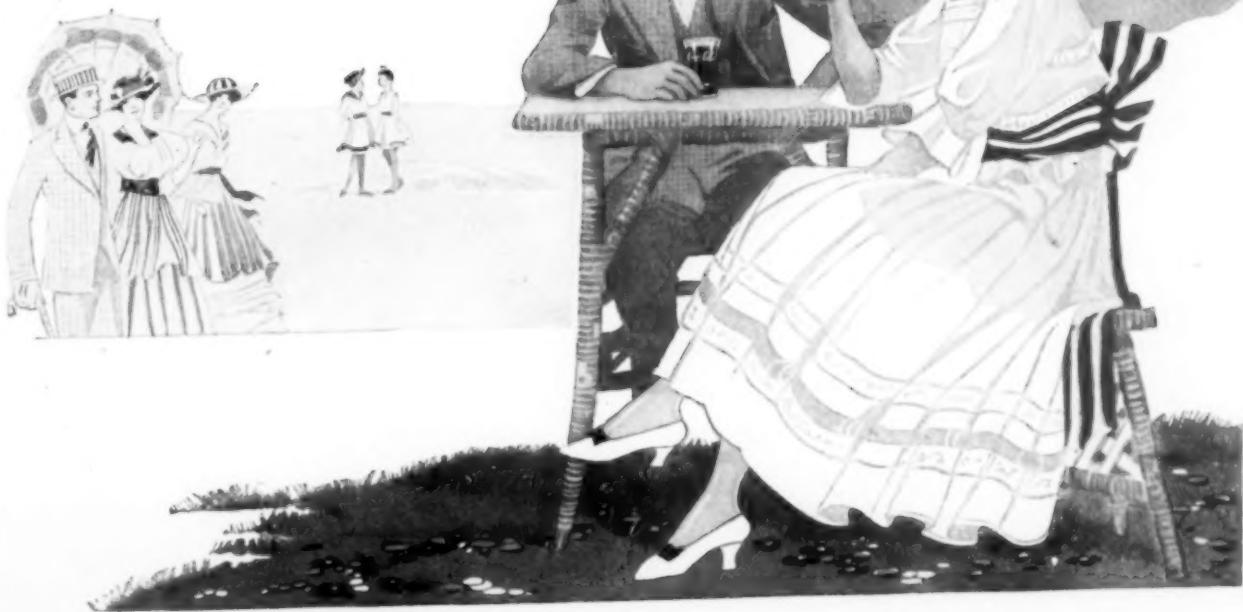
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